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AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

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VII.

QUARANTINE ISLAND, PAPEETE.

METHINKS it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled,
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is music, slumbering on her instrument.

Saturday, December 2nd.—The anchor was dropped in the harbour of Papeete at nine o'clock, and a couple of hours later, by which time the weather had cleared, we went ashore, and at once found ourselves in the midst of a fairy-like scene, to describe which is almost impossible, so bewildering is it in the brightness and variety of its colouring. The magnolias and yellow scarlet hibiscus, overshadowing the water, the velvety turf, on to which one steps from the boat, the white road running between rows of wooden houses, whose little gardens are a mass of flowers, the men and women clad in the gayest robes and decked with flowers, the piles of unfamiliar fruit lying on the grass, waiting to be

transported to the coasting vessels in the harbour, the wide-spreading background of hills clad in verdure to their summits —these are but a few of the objects which greet the new-comer in his new contact with the shore.

We strolled about, and left our letters of introduction; but the people to whom they were addressed were at breakfast, and we were deliberating how best to dispose of our time, when a gentleman accosted us, and, seeing how new it all was to us strangers, offered to show us round the town.

The streets of Papeete, running back at right angles with the beach, seem to have wonderfully grand names, such as the Rue de Rivoli, Rue de Paris, etc. Every street is shaded by an avenue of high trees, whose branches meet and interlace overhead, forming a sort of leafy tunnel, through which the sea-breeze passes refreshingly. There is also what is called the Chinamen's quarter, through which we walked, and which consists of a collection of regular Chinese-built bamboo houses, whose occupants all wore their national costume, pigtail included. The French commandant lives in a charming residence, surrounded by gardens, just opposite the palace of Queen Pomare, who is at present at the island of Bola-Bola, taking care of her little grandchild, aged five, the queen of the island. I am rather disappointed that she is absent, as I should like to see a person of whom I have heard so much.

UNDER THE TREES, PAPEETE.

Having completed our tour, we next went to call on the British Consul, who received us kindly, and entertained us with an interesting account of the island and its inhabitants, its pearl-fisheries and trade, the French policy, the missionaries, etc., on all of which subjects he is well informed. He has just completed an exhaustive consular report on the condition of the is-

land, which will, no doubt, appear in due course in the form of a blue-book.

At 5 p.m. we went for a row in the *Glance* and the *Flash* to the coral reef, now illumined by the rays of the setting sun. Who can describe these wonderful gardens of the deep, on which we now gazed through ten and twenty fathoms of crystal water? Who can enumerate or describe the strange creatures moving about and darting hither and thither, amid the masses of coral forming their submarine home? There were shells of rare shape, brighter than if they had been polished by the hand of the most skilful artist; crabs of all sizes, scuttling and sidling along; sea-anemones, spreading their delicate feelers in search of prey; and

Chætodon Tricolor.

many other kinds of zoophytes, crawling slowly over the reef; and scarlet, blue, yellow, gold, violet, spotted, striped, and winged fish, short, long, pointed, and blunt, of the most varied shapes, were darting about like birds among the coral trees.

Sunday, December 3rd.—We walked through the shady streets to the two covered market buildings, partitioned across with great bunches of oranges, plantains, and many-coloured vegetables, hung on strings. The gaily-attired, good-looking, flower-decorated crowd, of some seven or eight hundred people, all chatting and laughing, and some staring at us—but not rudely—looked more like a chorus of opera-singers, dressed for their parts in some grand spectacle, than ordinary market-going peasants. Every vendor carried his stock-in-trade, however small the

articles composing it might be, on a bamboo pole, across his shoulder, occasionally with rather ludicrous effect, as, for instance, when the thick but light pole supported only a tiny fish six inches long at one end, and two mangoes at the other. Everybody seemed to have brought to market just what he or she happened to have on hand, however small the quantity. The woman would have one, two, or three new-laid eggs in a leaf basket, one crab or lobster, three or four prawns, or one little trout.

At half-past eight we breakfasted, so as to be ready for the service at the native church at ten o'clock. The building appeared to be overflowing. The windows and doors were all wide open, and many members of the congregation were seated on the steps, on the lawn, and on the grassy slope beyond, listening to a discourse in the native language. Most of the people wore the native costume, which, especially when made of black stuff and surmounted by a little sailor's hat, decorated with a bandana handkerchief or a wreath of flowers, was very becoming. Sailors' hats are universally worn, and are generally made by the natives themselves from plantain or palm leaves, or from the inside fibre of the arrowroot. Some rather elderly men and women in the front rows were taking notes of the sermon. I found afterwards that they belonged to the Bible-class, and that their great pride was to meet after the service and repeat by heart nearly all they had heard.

After the usual service there were two christenings. The babies were held at the font by the men, who looked extremely sheepish. The christenings over, there was a hymn, somewhat monotonous as to time and tune, but sung with much fervour, followed by the administration of the sacrament, in which cocoanut milk took the place of wine, and bread-fruit that of bread. We crossed several small rivers, and at last reached a spot that commanded a view of the waterfall, on the other side of a deep ravine. The river issues from a narrow cleft in the rock, and falls at a single bound from the edge of an almost perpendicular cliff, 600 feet high, into the valley beneath. First one sees the rush of blue water, gradually changing in its descent to a cloud of white spray, which in its turn is lost in a rainbow of mist.

Dinner and evening service brought the day to a conclusion, and I retired, not unwillingly, to bed, to dream of the charms of

Tahiti. Sometimes I think that all I have seen must be only a long vision, and that too soon I shall awaken to the cold reality; the flowers, the fruit, the colours worn by every one, the whole scene and its surroundings, seem almost too fairylike to have an actual existence.

> Long dreamy lawns, and birds on happy wings,
> Keeping their homes in never-rifled bowers;
> Cool fountains filling with their murmurings
> The sunny silence 'twixt the chiming hours.

WATERFALL AT FAATAUA.

The mango is certainly the king of fruit. Its flavour is a combination of apricot and pineapple, with the slightest possible suspicion of turpentine thrown in, to give a piquancy to the whole. We breakfasted at half-past six, and, at a little before eight, went ashore, where we were met by a sort of *char-à-bancs*, or American waggon, with three seats, one behind the other, all facing the horses, and roomy and comfortable enough for two persons. Our Transatlantic cousins understand thoroughly, and do their best to improve everything connected with, the locomotion they love so well. A Chinese coachman and a thin but active pair of little horses completed the turn-out. Mabelle sat beside the coachman, and we four packed into the other two seats, with all our belongings.

The sun was certainly *very* powerful when we emerged from the shady groves of Papeete, but there was a nice breeze, and sometimes we got under the shade of cocoa-nut trees. While

waiting, hot and thirsty, we asked for a cocoa-nut, whereupon a man standing by immediately tied a withy of banana leaves round his feet and proceeded to climb, or rather hop, up the nearest tree, raising himself with his two hands and his feet alternately, with an exactly similar action to that of our old friend the monkey on the stick. People who have tasted the cocoa-nut only in England can have no idea what a delicious fruit it really is when nearly ripe and freshly plucked. The natives remove the outer husk, just leaving a little piece to serve as a foot for the pale brown cup to rest on. They then smooth off the top, and you have an elegant vase, something like a mounted ostrich egg in appeareance, lined with the snowiest ivory, and containing about three pints of cool sweet water. Why it is called milk I cannot understand, for it is as clear as crystal, and is always cool and refreshing, though the nut in which it is contained has generally been exposed to the fiercest sun. In many of the coral islands, where the water is brackish, the natives drink scarcely anything but cocoa-nut milk; and even here, if you are thirsty and ask for a glass of water, you are almost always presented with a cocoa-nut instead

The road round the island is called the Broom Road. Convicts were employed in its original formation, and now it is the punishment for any one getting drunk in any part of the island to be set to work to sweep, repair, and keep in order a piece of the road in the neighbourhood of his dwelling. It is the one good road of Tahiti, encircling the larger of the two peninsulas close to the sea-shore, and surmounting the low mountain range in the centre of the isthmus.

It is now the depth of winter and the middle of the rainy season in Tahiti; but, luckily for us, it is nearly always fine in the daytime. At night, however, there is often a perfect deluge, which floods the houses and gardens, turns the streams into torrents, but washes and refreshes the vegetation, and leaves the landscape brighter and greener than before. If you can imagine the Kew hot-houses magnified and multiplied to an indefinite extent, and laid out as a gentleman's park, traversed by numerous grassy roads fringed with coacoa-nut palms, and commanding occasional glimpses of sea, and beach, and coral reefs, you will have some faint idea of the scene through which our road lay. Before we started on our excursion, instructions had been given

that the *Sunbeam* should be painted *white*, for the sake of coolness, and we were all very curious to see how she would look in her new dress; but unfortunately the wet weather has delayed the work, and there is still a good deal to do.

Wednesday, December 6th.—So brisk is the trade carried on between Tahiti and the United States, that the Tahitians can boast of quite a respectable fleet of vessels, not imposing perhaps in point of tonnage, but as smart and serviceable-looking as could be desired. Not a day passes without one or more entering or leaving the harbour, returning from or bound to the lonely isles with which the south-west portion of the Pacific is studded.

Mr. Godeffroy gave us rather an amusing account of the manner in which their negotiations with the natives are conducted. The more civilized islanders have got beyond barter, and prefer hard cash in American dollars for their pearls, shells, cocoa-nuts, sandal-wood, etc. When they have received the money, they remain on deck for some time discussing their bargains among themselves. Then they peep down through the skylights into the cabin below, where the most attractive prints and the gaudiest articles of apparel are temptingly displayed. It is not long before the bait is swallowed; down go the natives, the goods are sold, and the dollars have once more found their way back into the captain's hands.

Thursday, December 7th.—At eight o'clock I took Mabelle and Muriel for a drive in a pony-carriage which had been kindly lent me. Just as we returned, a gentleman came and asked me if I should like to see some remarkably fine pearls, and on my gladly consenting, he took me to his house, where I saw some pearls, certainly worth going to look at, but too expensive for me, one pear-shaped gem alone having been valued at £1,000. I was told they came from a neighbouring island, and I was given two shells containing pearls in various stages of formation. What interested me most were the products of this and the neighbouring islands.

Friday, December 8th.—At nine o'clock we set out for the shore, and after landing drove along the same road by which we had returned from our excursion round the island. After seeing as much of the place as our limited time would allow, we drove over to Faataua. The grand piano, every table, and the drawing-room floor, were spread with the presents we were expected to

take away with us. There were bunches of scarlet feathers, two or three hundred in number, from the tail of the tropic bird, which are only allowed to be possessed and worn by chiefs, and which are of great value, as each bird produces only two feathers; pear shells, with corals growing on them, *tapa* cloth, cocoa-nut drinking vessels, fine mats, and other products of the island.

TROPICAL FEATHERS.

All the members of the royal family at present in Tahiti had been invited to meet us, and arrived in due course, including the heir-apparent and his brother and sister. All the guests were dressed in the native costume, with wreaths on their heads and necks, and even the servants—including our own, whom I hardly recognized—were similarly decorated. Wreaths had also been prepared for us, three of fragrant yellow flowers for Mabelle, Muriel, and myself, and others of a different kind for the gentlemen.

When the feast was ready the Prince offered me his arm, and we all walked in a procession to a grove of bananas in a garden through two lines of native servants, who, at a given signal, saluted us with two hearty English cheers. We then continued our walk till we arrived at a house, built in the native style, by the side of a rocky stream, like a Scotch burn. The uprights of the house were banana trees, transplanted with their leaves on, so as to shade the roof, which was formed of plaited cocoa-nut palm-leaves, each about fifteen feet long, laid transversely across bamboo rafters. The floor was covered with the finest mats, with black and white borders, and the centre strewn with broad green plantain leaves, to form the tablecloth, on which were laid baskets and dishes, made of leaves sewed together, and containing all sorts of native delicacies. There were oysters, lobsters, stewed chicken, boiled sucking-pig, plantains, bread-fruit, melons, bananas, oranges, and strawberries. Before each guest was placed a half cocoa-nut full of salt water, another full of chopped cocoa-nut, a third full of fresh water, another full of milk, two pieces of bamboo, a basket of *poi*, half a bread-fruit, and a platter of green leaves, the latter being changed with each course. We took our seats on the

ground round the green table. An address was first delivered in the native language, grace was then said and we commenced. The first operation was to mix the salt water and the chopped cocoa-nut together, so as to make an appetising sauce, into which we were supposed to dip each morsel we ate. We were tolerably successful in the use of our fingers as substitutes for knives and forks. The only drawback was that the dinner had to be eaten amid such a scene of novelty and beauty, that our attention was continually distracted: there was so much to admire, both in the house itself and outside it. After we had finished, all the servants sat down to dinner, and from a daïs at one end of the room we surveyed the bright and animated scene, the gentlemen —and some of the ladies too — meanwhile enjoying their cigarettes.

A Tahitian Lady.

When we got down to Papeete, at about half-past four, so many things had to be done that it seemed impossible to accomplish a start this evening. At six o'clock the pilot sent word that it was no longer safe to go out; but steam was already up, Tom therefore decided to go outside the reef and there wait for the people and goods that were still on shore. They were soon on board, the anchor was raised, and we began to steam slowly ahead, taking a last regretful look at Papeete as we left the harbour. By the time we were outside it was dark, the pilot went ashore, and we steamed full speed ahead. After dinner, and indeed until we went to bed, at half-past eleven, the lights along the shore were clearly visible, and the form of the high mountains behind could be distinguished.

Monday, December 11th.—We had hoped to make the Caroline Islands before dark; but the wind fell, and as we could see nothing

of them at sunset it was decided to put the ship about, to insure not running on them or any of the surrounding reefs in the night.

Friday, December 15th.—We crossed the line at half-past four this morning. Father Neptune was to have paid us another visit in the evening, but the crew were busy, and there were some difficulties about arranging the details of the ceremony. The children were obliged, therefore, to be content with marching up and down the decks to the strains of Jem Butt's fiddle, accompanied by the somewhat discordant noise of their own drums. These amusements after sunset, scrubbing decks and working at the pumps before sunrise, gave us all the much-needed exercise it is impossible to take in the heat of the day-time.

TATTOO IN THE TROPICS.

Saturday, December 16th.—There was a squall in the night, accompanied by the most tremendous rain I ever saw or heard. We talk of tropical rain in England, but the real thing is very different. It seemed just as if the bottom of an enormous cistern overhead had suddenly been removed, allowing the contents to fall exactly on the spot where we were. The water came down in sheets, and was soon three or four inches deep on the deck, though it was pouring out of the scuppers all the time as fast as possible.

Sunday, December 17th.—We had Communion Service and hymns at eleven. In the afternoon it was too rough for "church," and Tom was unable to deliver his intended address to the men.

Friday, December, 22nd.—At 6.30 a.m. we made the island of Hawaii. We could not see the high land in the centre of the island, owing to the mist in which we were enveloped, and there was great excitement and much speculation on board as to the principal points which were visible. At noon the observations taken proved that Tom was right in his opinion as to our exact position. We sailed along close to the shore, and by two o'clock were near the entrance to the Bay of Hilo. In answer to our signal for a pilot a boat came off with a man who said he knew the entrance to the harbour, but informed us that the proper pilot had gone to Honolulu on a pleasure trip.

It was a clear afternoon. The mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, could be plainly seen from top to bottom, their giant crests rising nearly 14,000 feet above our heads, their tree and fern-clad slopes seamed with deep gulches or ravines, down each of which a fertilising river ran into the sea. At three o'clock we landed and went straight to Mr. Conway's store to make arrangements for going to the volcano of Kilauea to-morrow. Mr. Conway sent a man off at once on horseback to warn the people at the "Halfway House" and at "Volcano House" to make preparations to receive our party—a necessary precaution, as visitors to the island are not numerous, and can only arrive by the monthly steamer from Honolulu.

Having arranged this matter, we went for a stroll, among neat houses and pretty gardens, to the suspension bridge over the river, followed by a crowd of girls, all decorated with wreaths and garlands, and wearing almost the same dress that we had seen at Tahiti—a coloured long-sleeved loose gown reaching to the feet. The natives here appear to affect duller colours than those we have lately been accustomed to, lilac, drab, brown, and other dark prints being the favourite tints. Whenever I stopped to look at a view, one of the girls would come behind me and throw a *lei* of flowers over my head, fasten it round my neck, and then run away laughing, to a distance, to judge of effect. The consequence was that, before the end of our walk, I had about a dozen wreaths, of various colours and lengths, hanging round me, till I felt almost as if I had a fur tippet on, they made me so hot; and yet I did not like to take them off for fear of hurting the poor girls' feelings. Before we got back to the yacht it had become dark, the moon had risen, and we could see the

reflection in the sky of the fires in the crater of Kilauea. I do hope the volcano will be active to-morrow. It is never two days in the same condition, and visitors have frequently remained in the neighbourhood of the crater for a week without seeing an eruption. The starlit sky, the bright young moon, and the red cloud from Kilauea, floating far above our heads, made up a most beautiful scene from the deck of the *Sunbeam*.

Saturday, December 23rd.—Having packed up our things and sent them ashore, we had an early breakfast, and landed, in readiness for our excursion to Kilauea. The first part of our way lay along the flat ground, gay with bright scarlet Guernsey lilies, and shaded by cocoa-nut trees, between the town and the sea. Then we struck off to the right, and soon left the town behind us, emerging into the open country. Except in the "gulches" and the deep holes between the hills, the island is covered with lava, in many places of so recent a deposit that it has not yet had time to decompose, and there is consequently only a thin layer of soil on its surface.

After riding about ten miles in the blazing sun we reached a forest, where the vegetation was quite tropical, though not so varied in its beauties as that of Brazil, or of the still more lovely South Sea Islands. The protection from the sun afforded by this dense mass of foliage was extremely grateful; but the air of the forest was close and stifling, and at the end of five miles we were glad to emerge once more into the open air. The rest of the way lay over the hard lava, through a sort of desert of scrubby vegetation, occasionally relieved by clumps of trees in hollows. The sun shone fiercely at intervals, and the rain came down several times in torrents. At last we came to a native house, crowded with people, where they were making *tappa* or *kapa*—the cloth made from the bark of the paper-mulberry. Here we stopped for a few minutes until our guide hurried us on, pointing out the "Halfway House" just ahead. Directly we had finished our meal—about three o'clock—we mounted and set off for the "Volcano House." We had not gone far before we were again overtaken by a shower, which once more drenched us to the skin.

The scene was certainly one of extreme beauty. The moon was hidden by a cloud, and the prospects lighted only by the red glare of the volcano, which hovered before and above us like the

CRATER OF KILAUEA BY DAY.

Israelities' pillar of fire, giving us hopes of a splendid spectacle when we should at last reach the long-wished-for crater. When we emerged from the wood, we found ourselves at the very edge of the old crater, the bed of which, three or four hundred feet beneath us, was surrounded by steep and, in many places, overhanging sides. It looked like an enormous caldron, four or five miles in width, full of a mass of cooled pitch. In the centre was the still glowing stream of dark red lava, flowing slowly towards us, and in every direction were red-hot patches, and flames and smoke issuing from the ground. A bit of "black country" at night, with all the coal-heaps on fire, would give you some idea of the scene. Yet the first sensation is rather one of disappointment, as one expects greater activity on the part of the volcano; but the new crater was still to be seen, containing the lake of fire, with steep walls rising up in the midst of the sea of lava.

Twenty minutes' hard riding brought us to the door of the "Volcano House," from which issued the confronting light of a large wood fire, reaching halfway up the chimney. Native garments replaced Mabelle's and my dripping habits, and we sat before the fire in luxury until the rest of the party arrived. Everything at this inn is most comfortable, though the style is rough-and-ready. The interior is just now decorated for Christmas, with wreaths, and evergreens, and ferns, and bunches of white plumes.

The grandeur of the view in the direction of the volcano increased as the evening wore on. The fiery clouds above the present crater augmented in size and depth of colour; the extinct crater glowed red in thirty or forty different places; and clouds of white vapour issued from every crack and crevice in the ground, adding to the sulphurous smell with which the atmosphere was laden. I was up at four o'clock next day to gaze once more on the wondrous spectacle that lay before me. The molten lava still flowed in many places, the red cloud over the fiery lake was bright as ever, and steam was slowly ascending in every direction, over hill and valley, till, as the sun rose, it became difficult to distinguish clearly the sulphurous vapours from the morning mists. Before leaving the inn the landlord came to us and begged us in an earnest and confidential manner to be very careful, to do exactly what our guides told us, and especially to

follow in their footsteps exactly when returning in the dark. First of all we descended the precipice, 300 feet in depth, forming the wall of the old crater, but now thickly covered with vegetation. It is so steep in many places that flights of zig-zag wooden steps have been inserted in the face of the cliff in some places, in order to render the descent practicable. At the bottom we stepped straight on to the surface of cold lava. It was the most extraordinary walk imaginable over that vast plain of lava, twisted and distorted into every conceivable shape and form, according to the temperature it had originally attained, and the rapidity with which it had cooled, its surface, like half-molten glass, crackling and breaking beneath our feet. Sometimes we came to a patch that looked like the contents of a pot, suddenly petrified in the act of boiling; sometimes the black iridescent lava had assumed the form of waves, or more frequently of huge masses of rope, twisted and coiled together. As we proceeded the lava became hotter and hotter, and from every crack arose gaseous fumes, affecting our noses and throats in a painful manner; till at last, when we had to pass to leeward of the molten stream flowing from the lake, the vapour almost choked us, and it was with difficulty we continued to advance.

At last we reached the foot of the present crater, and commenced the ascent of the outer wall. Many times the thin crust gave way beneath our guide, and he had to retire quickly from the hot, blinding, choking fumes that immediately burst forth. But we succeeded in reaching the top; and what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! I could neither speak nor move at first, but could only stand and gaze at the horrible grandeur of the scene.

We were standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with the noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red, fiery, liquid lava hurled their billows upon the iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air. The restless, heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. Its normal colour seemed to be a dull dark red, covered with a thin grey scum, which every moment and in every part swelled and cracked, and emitted fountains, cascades, and

whirlpools of yellow and red fire, while sometimes one big golden river, sometimes four or five, flowed across it. There was an island on one side of the lake, which the fiery waves seemed to attack unceasingly with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base. On the other side was a large cavern, into which the burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of the cave, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of fresh ones.

It was all terribly grand, magnificently sublime; but no words could adequately describe such a scene. The precipice on which we were standing overhung the crater so much that it was impossible to see what was going on immediately beneath; but from the columns of smoke and vapour that arose, the flames and sparks that constantly drove us back from the edge, it was easy to imagine that there must have been two or three grand fiery fountains below. As the sun set, and darkness enveloped the scene, it became more awful than ever. We retired a little way from the brink, to breathe some fresh air, and to try and eat the food we had brought with us; but this was an impossibility. Every instant a fresh explosion or glare made us jump up to survey the stupendous scene. The violent struggles of the lava to escape from its fiery bed, and the loud and awful noises by which they were at times accompanied, suggested the idea that some imprisoned monsters were trying to release themselves from their bondage, with shrieks and groans, and cries of agony and despair, at the futility of their efforts.

Sometimes there were at least seven spots on the borders of the lake where the molten lava dashed up furiously against the rocks—seven fire-fountains playing simultaneously. With the increasing darkness the colours emitted by the glowing mass became more and more wonderful. Even the smokes and vapours were rendered beautiful by their borrowed lights and tints, and the black peaks, pinnacles, and crags, which surrounded the amphitheatre, formed a splendid and appropriate background. Sometimes great pieces broke off and tumbled with a crash into the burning lake, only to be remelted and thrown up anew. I had for some time been feeling very hot and uncomfortable, and on looking round the cause became quite apparent. Not two inches beneath the surface, the grey lava on which we were

Lake of Fire by Night.

standing and sitting was red-hot. A stick thrust through caught fire, a piece of paper was immediately destroyed.

One more long last look, and then we turned our faces away from the scene that had enthralled us for so many hours. The whole of the lava we had crossed, in the extinct crater, was now aglow in many patches, and in all directions flames were bursting forth, fresh lava was flowing, and steam and smoke were issuing from the surface. It was a toilsome journey back again, walking as we did in single file, and obeying the strict injunctions of our head guide to follow him closely, and to tread exactly in his footsteps. On the whole it was easier by night than by day to distinguish the route to be taken, as we could now see the dangers that before we could only feel; and many were the fiery crevices we stepped over or jumped across. Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leant caught fire before I could fairly recover myself.

Either from the effects of the unaccustomed exercise after our long voyage, or from the intense excitement of the novel scene, combined with the gaseous exhalations from the lava, my strength began to fail, and before reaching the side of the crater I felt quite exhausted. I struggled on at short intervals, however, collapsing several times and fainting away twice; but at last I had fairly to give in, and to allow myself to be ignominiously carried up the steep precipice to the "Volcano House" on a chair, which the guide went to fetch for me.

December 25th (Christmas Day).—Turning in last night was the work of a very few minutes, and this morning I awoke perfectly refreshed and ready to appreciate anew the wonders of the prospect that met my eyes. The pillar of fire was still distinctly visible when I looked out from my window, though it was not so bright as when I had seen it; but even as I looked it began to fade, and gradually disappeared. At the same moment a river of glowing lava issued from the side of the bank we had climbed with so much difficulty yesterday, and slowly but surely overflowed the ground we had walked over. I woke Tom, and you may imagine the feelings with which we gazed upon the startling phenomenon, which, had it occurred a few hours earlier, might have caused the destruction of the whole party.

It would, I think, be difficult to imagine a more interesting and exciting mode of spending Christmas Eve than yesterday has taught us, or a stranger situation in which to exchange our Christmas greetings than beneath the grass roof of an inn on the edge of a volcano in the remote Sandwich Island.

At six o'clock we were dressed and packed, and at seven we were prepared for a start. By half-past ten we had reached the "Halfway House." The rest of the ride down to Hilo was as dull and monotonous as our upward journey had been. At last we reached the pier, where we found the usual little crowd waiting to see us off.

I think at least half the population of Hilo had been on board the yacht in the course of the day, as a Christmas treat. The appearance of the *Sunbeam* was very gay. All her masts were tipped with sugar-canes in bloom. Her stern was adorned with flowers, and in the arms of the figure-head was a large bouquet. The gangway was decorated with flowers, and surmounted by a triumphal arch, on which were inscribed "Welcome Home," "A Merry Christmas," and other good wishes. The whole deck was festooned with tropical plants and flowers, and the decorations of the cabins were even more beautiful and elaborate. The choir from Hilo came out in boats in the evening, sang all sorts of songs, sacred and secular, and cheered everybody until they were hoarse. After this we all adjourned to the saloon, to assist in the distribution of some Christmas presents, a ceremony which afforded great delight to everybody. Then we sat on deck, gazing at the cloud of fire over Kilauea, and wondering if the appearance of the crater could ever be grander than it was last night, when we were standing on its brim.

So ended Christmas Day, 1876, at Hilo, in Hawaii. God grant that there may be many more as pleasant for us in store in the future!

BEYOND the stars that shine in golden glory,
Beyond the calm, sweet moon,
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,
Soul! thou shall venture soon.
Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,
Safe in His arms of love,
Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning,
And thy fair home above.

"HOLY RUSSIA."

I.

THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

RUSSIA presents the largest connected empire in the world. Extending 6,000 miles from west to east, and 2,300 miles from south to north—more than twice the size of the whole of Europe or the United States—it covers one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. But a large proportion of this vast extent consists of treeless steppes and inhospitable wastes. Its population, nevertheless, reaches an aggregate of 85,685,000, of many diverse nationaltities. No empire in the world has such a variety of tribes and nations. Their number exceeds a hundred, and they speak over forty different languages. The immense majority are Slavs—56,000,000—and Poles, 4,800,000.

Among the great nations of modern times, Russia is far the most recent in its origin. Instead of running back, like France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, to the opening of the Christian era, or earlier, it dates only to the sixth or seventh century. Its

Church was established two or three hundred years later. The nation had its origin in the vast steppes of Eastern Asia, and its people were called the *Rossi*, whence came the name Russian. They may have descended in part from the Finns and the Scythians.

In the year 955 the Russian princess Olga made a visit to the city of Constantine, and was so impressed by what she saw and heard that she embraced the Christian religion. On her return she endeavoured to induce her son, the reigning monarch, to become partaker of the like precious faith. He was a stern warrior and refused to bow his neck to the Christian yoke. His son, Vladimir, however, was made of more penetrable stuff. A picture of the Last Judgment shown him by a Greek missionary profoundly affected his imagination. "Happy are those who are on the right," he exclaimed; but, with a sigh, he continued, "woe to the sinners who are on the left." "If thou wishest," said this missionary, "to enter with the just who are on the right, you must believe and be baptized." "I will wait awhile," said this Russian Agrippa, but, unlike Agrippa, he diligently studied the Christian religion, and sent ambassadors to the great city of Constantinople to learn its rites and doctrines. "Let them see," said the Emperor Basil Porphyrogenitus, "the glory of our God," and they witnessed the grand festival of St. John Chrysostom in the great church of St. Sophia.

Even now, its glorious frescoes and mosaics covered and defaced by Moslem iconoclasm and perverted to the superstitions of a Turkish mosque, this vast structure is the sublimest, as it is the oldest, temple of Christian origin on the face of the earth. The Russian ambassadors were awe-stricken and profoundly impressed. The multitude of lights, the chanting of the hymns, the gorgeous procession of deacons, sub-deacons, and then the prostration of the congregation with the cry, "Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!—Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!" filled their souls with sacred emotion.

"We knew not," said the envoys on their return, "whether we were not in heaven; in truth it, would be impossible on earth to find such riches and magnificence. There, in very truth, God has His dwelling with men. No one who has tasted sweets will afterwards take that which is bitter, nor can we any longer abide in heathenism."

Soon Prince Vladimir embraced the Christian faith, and with it the hand of the Princess Anne, sister of the Byzantine emperor, as his royal consort.

Vladimir, after the manner of his age, commanded the immediate baptism of his people. "Whoever on the morrow," ran the proclamation, "shall not repair to the river, whether rich or poor, I shall hold him for an enemy." The whole population therefore, with facile obedience, transferred their allegiance from the gods of their fathers to the God of their king.

Priest of Greek Church.

In that old city of Kieff, on the site of the temple of the idol-god, was erected the stately Church of St. Basil, "which became henceforward," says Stanley, "the Canterbury of the Russian Empire."

The Russian Church is emphatically a State Church. It is not merely connected with the State, like the Churches of England and Scotland, but enters into and forms a part of the State. The Czar is the father and founder of the whole ecclesiastical community. The veneration for him at times is almost as though he were Christ Himself. "God and the Prince will" —"God and the Prince know it!" These are the two arguments against which there is no appeal. The coronation of the chief ruler is not a mere ceremony, but rather a solemn religious consecration.

The Greek Church comprehends all those Christians following the Greek or the Græco-Slavonian rite, who receive the first seven general councils, but reject the authority of the Roman pontiff and the later councils of the Western Church. It calls

itself the "Holy Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic Church." It agrees with the Roman Catholic Church in accepting as the rule of faith not alone the Bible, including the Deutero-canonical books, but also the traditions of the Church. They deny the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, and reject the papal claim to supremacy and doctrinal authority. They admit the seven sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church, but differ in some of the rites used at their administration. They administer baptism by trine immersion, and confirmation in immediate connection with baptism, even in the case of infants. They administer the communion in both kinds, and even to children. They forbid marriage altogether to bishops; priests and deacons are forbidden to contract marriage after ordination, and must not have been married more than once, nor to a widow. Married priests must live separate from their wives during the time when they are actually engaged in church service. They regard second marriage as utterly unlawful. They do not permit the use of graven images, with the exception of that of the cross. The liturgy of the Russian Church is in the old Slavonic language; that of the Church in the kingdom of Greece, in modern Greek; that of the Church of Georgia, in the old Georgian language. Instrumental music is forbidden, but singing is universally in use. The ordinary posture in public prayer is standing, the body being turned towards the east; only at Pentecost is kneeling in use. The sign of the cross is in more frequent use among them than in the Roman Catholic Church, but in a different form. The preaching

PATRIARCH OF GREEK CHURCH.

of sermons is not common; generally a homily is read from ancient collections. There are about seventy million members of the Greek Church; of these, fifty-nine million are in Russia.

Russian Priest and Altar.

The Russians have not only a liking for pictures, they have a religious veneration for them. They are the mainstay and support of their religious faith and practice. On the wall of every room, at the corner of every street, over gateways, in offices, in steamers, in stations, in taverns, is the picture hung, with a lamp burning before it. In the domestic life it plays the part of the family Bible, of the wedding gift, of the birthday present, of the ancestral portrait. A passion for pictures, not as works of art, but as emblems of instruction, is thus engendered beyond all example in other countries. A Syrian traveller in the seventeenth century thus speaks of this trait of Russian life and character: "The Muscovites are vastly attached to the love of pictures, not much regarding the beauty of the painting, or the skill of the painter. With them a beautiful and an ugly painting are all one. They bow to them perpetually, though the figures be only the daub of the children, or a sketch on a piece of paper. In the army there is not a man but carries in his knapsack a gaudy picture, with which he never parts; and wherever he halts he sets it on a piece of wood and bows down before it."

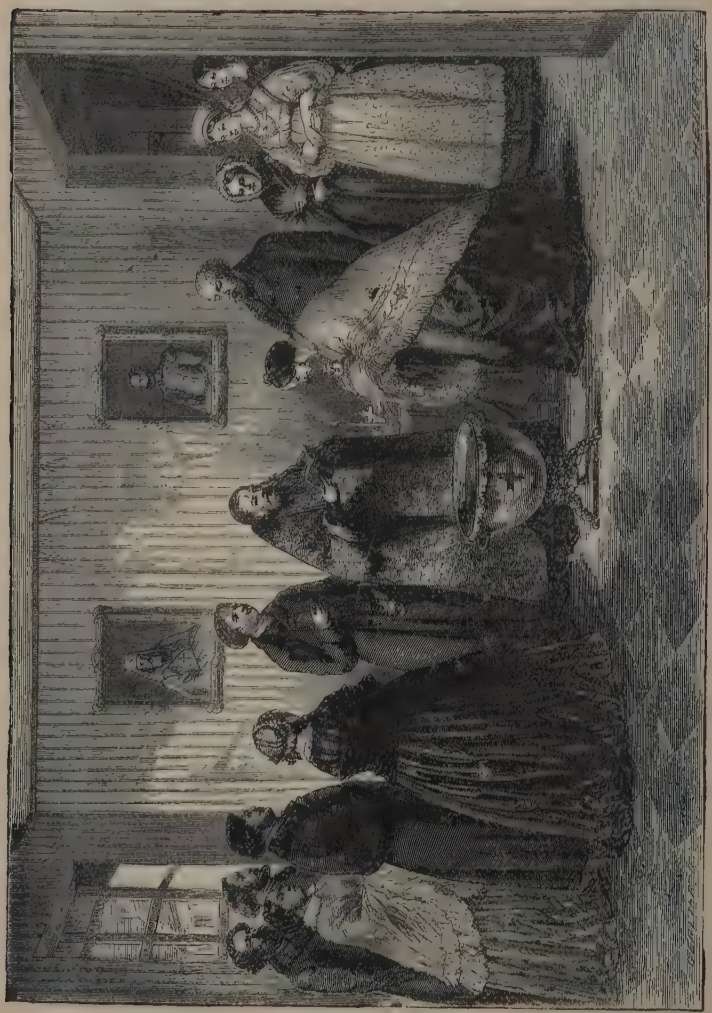
The Russian religion does not, like the Catholic, abound in saints. In its earlier periods we hear of but two. The first was Vladimir, the founder of the Church in the tenth century; the second was Alexander of the Narsa, in the thirteenth century. This honour seems to have been conferred upon him on account of his victory over the Swedes.

The Russian priests strongly condemn the use of tobacco, while very tolerant of the still greater evil of strong drink. But they discriminate in favour of the latter by a fanciful interpretation of the text, "Not that what goeth into the mouth," as strong drink, "defileth a man; but that cometh out of the mouth," as tobacco smoke, "this defileth a man."

The most sacred city of Russia is Moscow, the seat of the chief patriarchate, and the ancient, semi-Oriental capital. Most *bizarre* and fantastic it is with its vast turreted and venerable Kremlin; its countless churches, with their flashing spires and clustering and turbaned minarets glittering in green, purple and gold; its mosques, with the cross supplanting the crescent; its streets swarming with bearded merchants and ferocious Janizaries, while its female population was imbibed and invisible, was a

MARSHALL CONFERENCE ARCHIVES

true type of the empire; rather Asiatic than European, and yet compounded of both.



BAPTISM IN GREEK CHURCH.

Moscow has a population of over 600,000, of many-mingled nations. It is described as at once magnificent and mean,

splendid and grotesque, beautiful and sordid, and unequalled in picturesqueness. Its hundreds of spires, domes and minarets, diverse in form and colour; the strange intermingling of pagodas, temples and churches, of Chinese tea-houses, French cafés, Turkish bazaars, and Russian market-places, produces a bewildering effect. It is surrounded by an earthwork twenty-three miles long, and dominated by the great sacred fortress, the Kremlin, encompassed by a massive wall, sixty feet high, a mile and a quarter in extent, and entered by five sacred gates, two of them of peculiar sanctity.

The Kremlin comprises the principal buildings, such as the gorgeously decorated cathedral of the Assumption of the Virgin; the cathedral of the Archangel Michael, containing all the tombs and portraits of the Czars, down to Peter the Great; the church of the Annunciation, the floor of which is paved with jaspers, agates and carnelians; the tower of John the Great, two hundred feet in height, surmounted by a magnificent gilded dome, from which, as from the other domes of Moscow, rises the "Honourable Cross;" the Czar Kolokol, "King of Bells," the greatest bell in the world; several palaces and collections of ancient arms and other antiquities. Of the sacred buildings within the Kremlin the most famous is the church of the Assumption. This is the most venerated building in the Russian Empire, and in it, from the time of its erection in the sixteenth century, all the successive Czars have been crowned. It is one of the most gorgeously ornamented churches in the world. On the walls of the church are painted nearly three hundred full length figures, and more than two thousand heads in half lengths, many of them more than life size. In the middle of the church is suspended a *corona* of massive silver, with forty-eight chandeliers, all in a single piece, and weighing nearly three thousand pounds. There are besides, numerous candlesticks of silver, some of them six feet high, and holding candles as thick as a man's leg. It is said that two hundred and ten thousand leaves of gold-foil were used in the ornamentation of this church.

Within the Kremlin is also the picturesque cathedral of St. Basil, with no less than twenty towers and domes, all of different shapes and sizes, and painted in every possible colour. Some are covered with a network of green over a surface of yellow, another dome is of bright red with broad white stripes, and a

third is gilded. Some historians affirm that it was built to commemorate the capture of Kazan; others that it was a whim of

THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW.

Ivan the Terrible, to try how many distinct chapels could be erected under one roof, on a given extent of ground, in such a manner

that divine service could be performed in all simultaneously without any interference one with another. It is also said that the Czar was so delighted with the architect, an Italian, who had thus admirably gratified his wishes, that when the edifice was finished, he sent for him, pronounced a warm panegyric on his work, and then had his eyes put out, in order that he might never build such another!—a strange caprice of cruelty, if true —punishing the man, not for failing, but succeeding in gratifying his employer.

Near this great cathedral is the famous Czar Kolokol, or "King of Bells," by far the largest bell in the world. It weighs no less than one hundred and ninety-three tons, and is twenty-one feet in height and in diameter.* It was suspended in a tower of vast strength in 1734, but three years afterwards it fell down during a fire, and a piece six feet high and three wide was broken from it. It remained sunk in the earth until 1837, when the Emperor Nicholas had it raised and placed upon a pedestal of granite. This giant bell has since been consecrated as a chapel, and religious services are held in it.

Since the founding of Petersburg, the magnificent Moscow, the repudiated Oriental capital of the ancient Czars, with her golden tiara and her Eastern robe, has sat, like Hagar in the wilderness, deserted and lonely in all her barbarian beauty. Yet even now, in many a backward look and longing sigh, she reads plainly enough that she is not forgotten by her sovereign, that she is still at heart preferred, and that she will eventually triumph over her usurping and artificial rival.

The most notable figure in the history of Russia, one of the most notable in the history of Europe, is Peter I., usually recognized as Peter the Great. By sheer force of his talents and indomitable energy, he raised his country from a condition of barbarism to that of one of the Great Powers of Europe. "To the nations of Western Europe," says Macaulay, "the empire which he governed had till then been what Bokhara or Siam is to us. That empire, indeed, though less extensive than at present,

*In the tower of John the Great, of Moscow, is the most stupendous bell now in regular use, but this weighs only sixty-four tons. The next largest is in Peking, fifty-one tons; then comes Vienna, 18 tons; Montreal (Roman Catholic Cathedral), 13½ tons; "Great Peter," in York Minster, 10¾ tons; "Great Tom," at Lincoln, 5½ tons.

was the most extensive that had ever obeyed a single chief. The dominions of Alexander and of Trajan were small when compared with the immense area of the Scythian desert. English travellers described vividly, and sometimes bitterly, the savage ignorance and squalid poverty of the barbarous country in which they had sojourned. In that country, they said, there was neither literature nor science, neither school nor college. The best educated men could barely read and write. The arithmetic was the arithmetic of the Dark Ages. The

Cathedral of St. Basil and Kremlin Wall.

denary notation was unknown. Even in the Imperial Treasury the computations were made by the help of balls strung on wires. Round the person of the sovereign there was a blaze of gold and jewels; but even in his most splendid palaces were to be found the filth and misery of an Irish cabin. When Russian legations visited England, the grandees were so gorgeous that all London crowded to stare at them, and so filthy that nobody dared to touch them. They came to the court balls dropping pearls and vermin.

"Our ancestors, therefore," continues the historian, "were not a little surprised to learn that a young barbarian, who had, at seventeen years of age, become the autocrat of the immense region stretching from the confines of Sweden to those of China, and whose education had been inferior to that of an English farmer or shopman, had planned gigantic improvements, had

THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

learned enough of some languages of Western Europe to enable him to communicate with civilized men, to discover the secret of the prosperity and power of communities whose territory was far less than the hundredth part of his dominions.

"Determined to make Russia a great naval power, his imagination was full of sails, yardarms, and rudders. The chief

ambition of the great conqueror and legislator was to be a good boatswain and a good ship's carpenter. He repaired to Amsterdam, took a lodging in the dockyard, assumed the garb of a pilot, put down his name on the list of workmen, wielded with his own hand the calking-iron and the mallet, fixed the pumps, and twisted the ropes. Ambassadors who came to pay their respects to him were forced, much against their will, to clamber up the rigging of a man-of-war, and found him enthroned on the cross-trees."

"One day, in the year 1697," says Motley, in an admirable monograph on Peter the Great, "the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dockyard of one Mynheer Calf, a rich shipbuilder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woollen shirt and duck trousers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular; his dark-brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck; his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eye glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. As he became occasionally excited in conversation, his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly upon the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else of falling into a fit of catalepsy.

"The Duke enquired the name of this workman, and was told it was one Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. The Duke was well aware that, in this thin disguise, he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter the despot of all the Russias—a man who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it."

ABIDING IN HIM.

BY A. M. T.

"This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church."

A CHILD of the bridechamber, why
Should I be sad while Thou art nigh?
The bridegroom hath the bride, and He
Is hers to all eternity.

The members of His body, we
Are found in Him continually;
We think His thoughts and breathe His breath,
And lose Him not in life or death.

All suffering but renews afresh
The brands of Jesus in the flesh—
"A slave of Christ," I fain would bear
That glorious stigma everywhere!

Companions in His kingdom, we
His sufferings share rejoicingly,
And prove His resurrection's power,
And taste His triumph hour by hour.

'Twere even sweet His grave to share,
The image of His death to bear;
O, who would shun to lay his head
Where lay the First-born of the dead?

Nor tribulation nor distress,
Nor peril, famine, nakedness,
The sword, the grave, shall e'er divide
The Bridegroom from the Church, His Bride.

O, to be found of Him in peace,
Not having my own righteousness,
But clothed upon and veiled from sight
In the dense splendour of His light!

Jesus! my star, my sun, my day,
Enfold me in Thy dawning ray,
O'erflow the horizon, far and near,
And fill and flood my hemisphere!

STANSTEAD, Que.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

I.

THE fact that Mr. Spurgeon this year celebrates his fiftieth birthday is ample apology—if, indeed, any apology is needed—for a brief sketch of his life and work in the pages of this MAGAZINE. For whatever one may think of the man, or of the theological views of which he is a popular exponent, it is impossible for the student of the religious progress of the past thirty years to understand aright the spiritual condition of the Anglo-Saxon race of to-day, without a candid examination of the labours and creed of the famous Baptist preacher whose name stands at the head of this article.

It is impossible to ignore the far-reaching influence of Calvinism upon the religious convictions of the Christian world of the nineteenth century, and it cannot be denied that, during the last twenty-five years, few men have laboured more faithfully or successfully in promulgating Calvinistic doctrine, in a popular form, than Charles H. Spurgeon. His audience has been exceptionally large. Addressing thousands every Sabbath in his own Tabernacle, his sermons have been stenographically reported weekly, and printed and reprinted by hundreds of thousands in nearly every spoken and written language employed by civilized men. He has for years edited the *Sword and Trowel*—a magazine read by very large numbers. He has written and edited several works, many of which, as *John Ploughman's Talks*, have been widely circulated, and one of which, now in course of publication—*The Treasury of David*—promises to preserve his name and usefulness for many years to come; when, alas! the living voice shall be heard no more. His connection with the

* For the illustrations which add so much to the interest of this article, the publisher of this MAGAZINE expresses his indebtedness to Mr. D. L. Guernsey, of Boston, publisher of *The Life and Labours of Charles H. Spurgeon*, compiled and edited by Geo. C. Needham, 8vo., pp. 630, price $4.00, from whose interesting volume Mr. Rose has derived the major part of the facts which this sketch contains.

Pastor's College has still further enlarged the circle of his influence, so that it is safe to repeat that few men of our day have contributed more widely to the spread of moderate Calvinism than Mr. Spurgeon.

BIRTHPLACE OF C. H. SPURGEON.

But to think of this good man from that standpoint alone would be most unfair to himself and unsatisfactory to all who look above and beyond narrow sectarian lines. By the breadth of his sympathy, and his firm grip upon evangelical truth, he

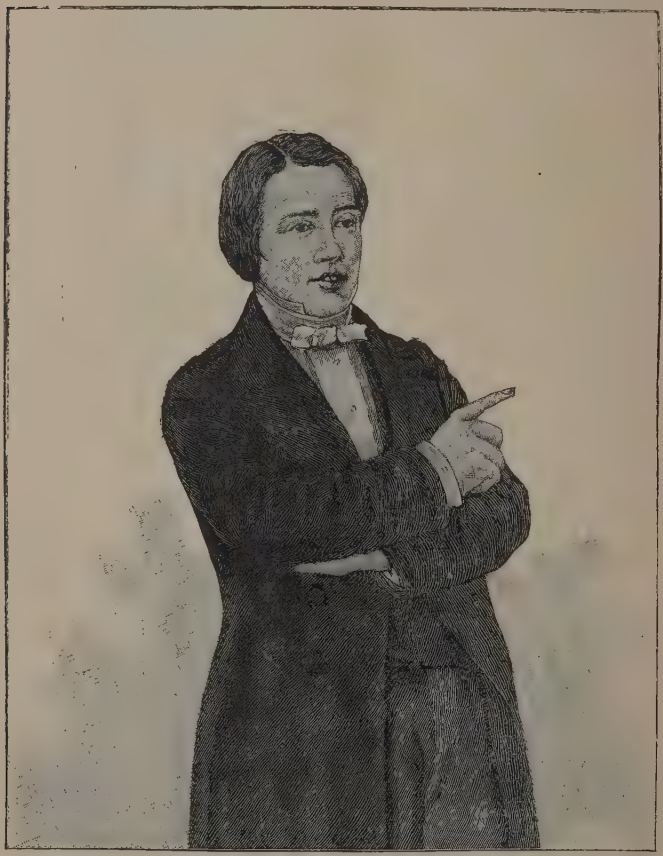
belongs to the entire Christian Church; and in the issue of all things, we doubt not, it will be seen that he has done his fair share toward the upbuilding of the larger faith that shall yet supersede our smaller denominational creeds.

In view of these facts, and as a humble tribute to the noble work of one of another fold of the flock of Christ, the present summary of Mr. Spurgeon's life and labours is presented to the readers of THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON is the heir of spiritual and temporal blessings, owing their origin to a godly ancestry. "Piety, uprightness, and loyalty," are characteristics claimed for the family to which the subject of this review belongs. John Spurgeon, in 1677, for conscience' sake, was imprisoned in Chelmsford jail, for fifteen weeks, because, like Bunyan, he would not forbear from preaching the Gospel. The record for piety and usefulness of Charles Spurgeon's great-grandfather and grandfather, on his father's side, is remarkable. His father's birthplace was Stambourne. "He is a portly-looking man"—writes one from whom Mr. Needham quotes—"a good specimen of a country gentleman, and is nearly six feet in height." At first engaged in commercial pursuits, he entered the ministry after reaching the prime of life, and has proved himself a good workman in the Master's field of toil. Mrs. John Spurgeon—the mother of the famous preacher,—is well known for her exemplary Christian life. She is described as "low in stature," and is spoken of as remarkably kind and benevolent. Two of her sons are preachers, and one of her daughters, the wife of a minister, has been known, upon special occasions, to address small audiences.

Mr. Spurgeon was born in Essex on June 19th, 1834. He was early removed to his grandfather's house at Stambourne, where "he soon developed into the thoughtful boy, fonder of his book than of his play." His piety seems to have been precocious. Returning to his father's house when seven years of age, advantage was taken on his behalf of the limited opportunities which his village home afforded for securing an education. His conversion occurred at an early period in his life. Deeply convinced of sin; led, in spite of his moral life, to see the enormity of transgression against the Divine law, he writes: "My heart was broken in pieces." Six months' prayer failed to bring him comfort. He visited every place of worship in the town where he lived, but

speaking of that period, he declares, "though I dearly venerate the men that occupy those pulpits now, and did so then, I am bound to say that I never heard them once fully preach the Gospel. I mean by that, they preached with great truths, many



C. H. SPURGEON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

great truths that were fitting to many of their congregation," but the truth he needed, as a sinner seeking Christ, was not preached. His earnest search was at length rewarded on this wise: "At last, one snowy day,—it snowed so much, I could not go to the

place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me,—I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodists' chapel. I had heard of those people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people's heads ache; but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much I did not care. At last a very thin-looking man came into the pulpit and opened his Bible and read these words: 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' Just setting his eyes upon me, as if he knew all my heart, he said, 'Young man, you are in trouble.' Well, I was, sure enough. Says he, 'You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ,' and then, lifting up his hands, he cried out, as only, I think, a Primitive Methodist could do, 'Look, look, look! It is only look!' said he. I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh, how I did leap for joy at that moment! I knew not what else he said: I did not take much notice of it, I was so possessed with that one thought. Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do fifty things, but when I heard this word 'Look!' what a charming word it seemed to me. Oh, I looked until I could almost have looked my eyes away; and in heaven I will look on still in my joy unutterable."

It was Mr. Spurgeon's privilege on October 11th, 1864, when pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to preach in that Primitive Methodist chapel an anniversary sermon, founded on Isaiah xlv. 22, which he prefaced by some account of his own conversion.

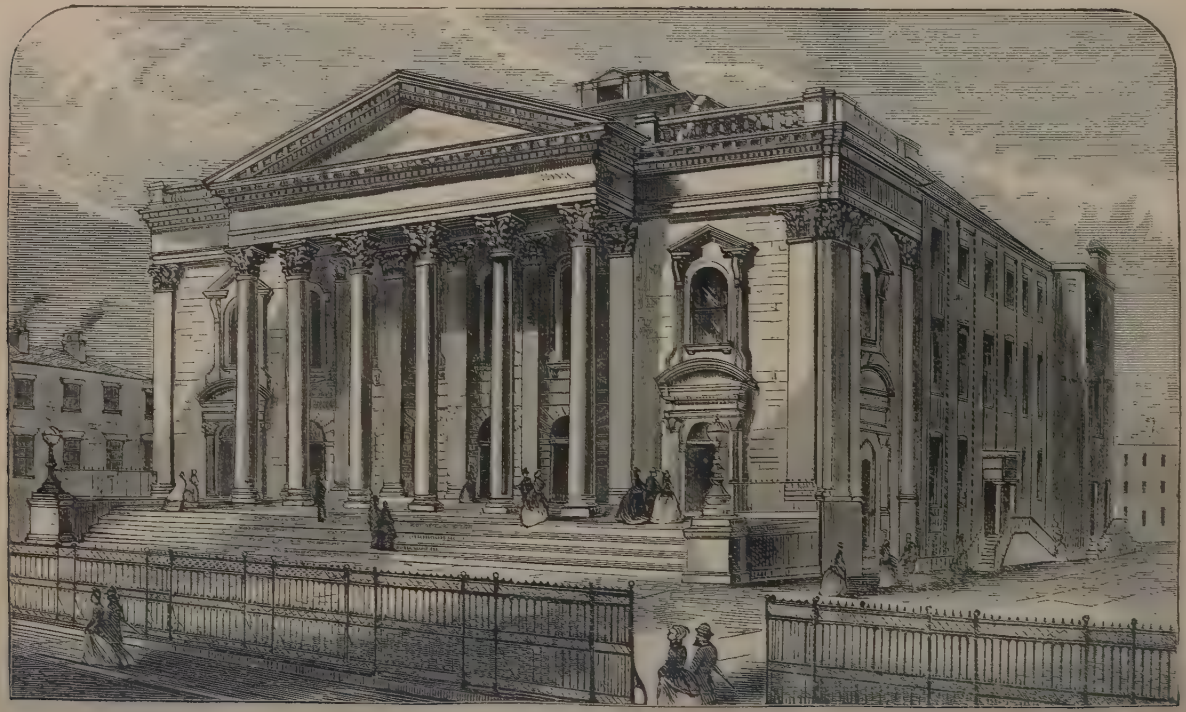
Though his early religious training was received among the Independents, Mr. Spurgeon's views on the subject of baptism suffered a positive change after his conversion. He was accordingly publicly immersed on May 3rd, 1851, and, though rejecting the more exclusive views of the Baptists, has, as the world knows, remained a consistent member of that society ever since. It is related of Mrs. Spurgeon, the mother of the famous pastor, that speaking on one occasion of her solicitude for his conversion, she said, "Ah, Charley, I have often prayed that you might be saved, but never that you should become a Baptist." To this the son made the characteristic reply, "God has answered your prayer, mother, with His usual bounty, and given you more than you asked."

Mr. Spurgeon's example has sometimes been quoted by those who deny the value of a careful and exact college training for ministers of the Gospel. The fact is that, but for a curious accident, the Baptist preacher would have had such a training, and though deprived of liberal culture in his youth, has neglected no later opportunities for supplying the lack. His efforts to secure a preparatory training for preachers of his own denomination are of world-wide celebrity, and should silence the happily

Rev. John Spurgeon.

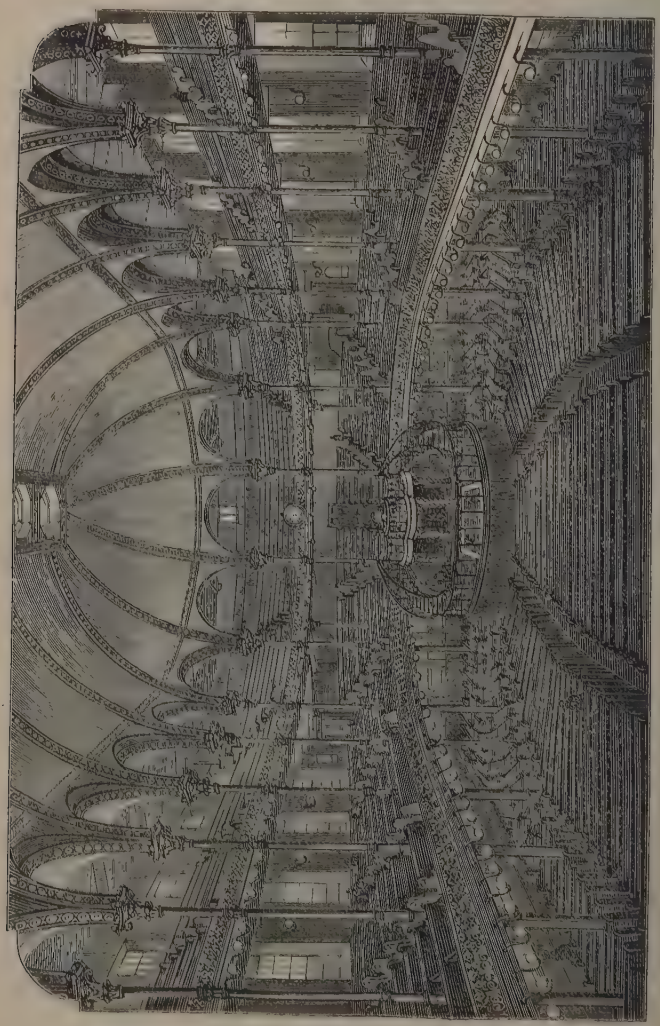
decreasing number who foolishly use his name when deprecating the need for an educated ministry.

When sixteen years of age, Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon in a little cottage in the village of Tavershan, about four miles from Cambridge. His text was, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious" (1 Pet. ii. 7). He was "attired in a round jacket and broad turn-down collar," and his preaching, it is said, gave promise of great future usefulness. His first pastorate was at Waterbeach, where his labours were eminently successful, but where he was not long permitted to remain, as in



The Metropolitan Tabernacle.

1854, through the influence mainly of Mr. James Low, he received a hearty call to the New Park Street Church, London.



Interior of Tabernacle.

He hesitated to accept the call, both on account of his extreme youth and his tender relations to the people over whom he was

pastor. Ultimately he became a London preacher, and at the early age of twenty entered upon the toils and successes which during the past thirty years have made his name a household word.

Shortly after beginning his work in London the city was visited with Asiatic cholera. Mr. Spurgeon's labours were abundant and highly prized. He tells us that during this period of anxiety and sorrow, one day, as he was returning mournfully home from a funeral, curiosity led him "to read a paper which was wafered up in a shoemaker's window in the Dover Road. It did not look like a trade announcement, nor was it; for it bore in a good bold handwriting these words: 'Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.'" In the strength gathered from this Scripture, so opportunely brought under his notice, the young pastor resumed his severe and apparently perilous toils. "The Providence which moved the tradesman to place the verses in his window," he writes, "I gratefully acknowledge, and in the remembrance of its marvellous power I adore the Lord my God." The publication of his sermons began in the autumn of his first year's pastorate. His twenty-first birthday was made the occasion of a special sermon entitled, "Pictures of Life and Birthday Recollections." Accompanying the sermon was a portrait similar to that which accompanies this article. So popular had he already become that New Park Street Chapel having been enlarged to the full capacity of the ground, a larger place became inevitable to find room for the growing crowds which desired to hear this new preacher.

On January 8th, 1856, Mr. Spurgeon was married to the amiable lady who, for nearly thirty years, has been his helpmeet. During the same year, pending the erection of the Tabernacle, the Royal Surrey Gardens Music Hall was taken for the purpose of holding Sabbath morning services. Meanwhile arrangements were perfecting for building the great Tabernacle, which was completed in 1861. This building is capable of seating 5,500, and perhaps 6,500 may be brought within its walls. Large as this magnificent place of worship is, it is so perfect in its arrangements that every one may hear and see the speaker, granting, of course, that the speaker knows how to make himself heard. The view of the interior, which we present, will give the reader an admirable idea of its appearance.

SHALL OUR HIGHER EDUCATION BE CHRISTIAN OR INFIDEL?

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.

At intervals for more than fifty years the question of Higher Education has agitated the thought of this country, and passing events seem to indicate that once more it must be the subject of careful enquiry. Within the next decade—perhaps half that time—important questions affecting the educational policy of the country, especially of Ontario, will have to be settled, and a direction will be given to the currents of scholarship that in after years will be very hard to turn. It is important, therefore, that the currents now set in motion be guided in safe directions, and that the policy adopted be such as will conserve the best interests of the State. The real facts must be brought to light; the prejudice that has enshrouded the question must be dispersed; the principles which are to underlie and guide our educational policy must be discussed, and a safe path marked out, if possible, for the future. In a word, the all-important question of Higher Education must be settled in such wise as shall meet the just demands of the people at large, and bring the advantages of liberal culture, under the best and safest auspices, within reach of the largest number of the young men—and young women too—of the nation.

Waiving subordinate points and side-issues, the great questions to be settled are these:—

1. Shall Higher Education be entirely secular, or shall the religious element, in the form of Christian evidences and Christian ethics, be incorporated with the educational system of the country?

2. Can the work of Higher Education be done most efficiently by several independent universities, each with its own affiliated schools, or by a single university with confederated colleges?

3. Is it the duty of Government to provide entirely for the Higher Education of the country, or merely to aid and encourage independent universities in providing for it?

Each of the preceding questions is important; each is worthy of discussion; but I shall confine myself, in the present paper, to

the first of the three. So far as this aspect of the problem is concerned, we live in perilous times. In some quarters there is not merely a disposition to undervalue the religious element in education, there is a disposition to ignore it altogether,—to separate it utterly from our educational system,—to cast it out as unworthy a place in the *curricula* of our universities. Men sometimes speak of "Science *and* Religion," or "Culture *and* Religion," as though they were things entirely separate and distinct; while some speak of the "conflict" of science and religion, and others try to "reconcile" science and religion, as if they were positively antagonistic. The thought is misleading; the divorce is unnatural. Culture and religion are not antagonistic; the one is the completion, or, rather let me say, the one is the soul of the other.

I do not propose to *defend* the religious element in education. With those who understand the question it needs no defence, but at once commends itself by its adaptation to the needs of the human mind. A non-Christian system of education needs defence, and in the near future will require all the arguments that can be mustered in its support. It has been too much the fashion to treat what has been justly called a godless education with great deference, as though it were master of the situation, and could dictate its own terms. I repudiate the concession. A national system of education which excludes the religious element is a national wrong, and I do not hesitate to impeach it as a standing menace to national freedom and national stability, dangerous alike to the individual and to the State.

I. A Non-Christian Education is Defective.

In the nature of things it must be so, because it omits a vast amount of important truth. Considering the wide range of subjects open for investigation, human life is far too short to master them all; but while we may be compelled to omit some—perhaps many—subjects from the *curricula* of our universities, we should see to it that the most important are included, and if character is to count for anything, there is no subject in the whole range of human studies that compares, in point of importance, with the great truths of God, and duty, and destiny. If life were limited to the few years we spend here, a subject more or less in a course of study might be of little moment; but those who plan for a

purely secular education, leave out the tremendous fact of man's immortality, and thus make a huge mistake at the very start. If man were only a superior animal, something might be said in favour of purely secular education; but with an immortal nature to be trained and developed, what can be said for a system which expends its efforts upon one part of man's complex nature, leaving the higher and more important part untouched and uncared for? It is a trite saying that "knowledge is power," but it is a power for good only as it is controlled by religious truth, which fills the mind with the noblest conceptions of God, of personal responsibility, and of a future state.

The most serious defect in a non-Christian education is that it supplies no adequate force for the development of moral character. If it be said that intellectual culture is sufficient for this purpose, I need only reply in the words of Herbert Spencer—a by no means partial witness—that "the belief in the moralizing effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts, is absurd." If it be said that æsthetic culture is a sufficient substitute, I call upon John Ruskin—no mean authority—to reply, and this is his answer: "The period of perfect art is the period of decline. At the moment when a perfect picture appeared in Venice, a perfect statue in Florence, a perfect fresco in Rome, from that hour forward, probity, industry, and courage were exiled from their walls." And if it be said that our colleges and universities should confine themselves strictly to secular topics, leaving religious truth to the Church and the Sunday-school, I cite Victor Cousin to the stand, and I hear him testify that "any system of school training which sharpens and strengthens the intellectual powers, without at the same time affording a source of restraint and countercheck to their tendency to evil, is a curse rather than a blessing."

II. A Non-Christian Education is Untrue.

The primary object of all true education is to teach the individual mind to *think;* and this ability to think should be made to pervade universal society. If we have labourers, their pickaxes and shovels should think; if we have artizans, their spindles and shuttles should think; if we have mechanics, their saws and planes, their anvils and hammers, their mallets and chisels, should think; and, more important still, if we have voters their ballots should think. But while it is important that men should

think, it is far more important that they should think true thoughts; and our colleges and universities must largely decide whether the thought of the future shall be false or true.

Now, I maintain that no man can think truly on any important subject who has not learned to think as a Christian, because without this qualification he is as one who omits the chief facts from his data, and the major premise from his argument. Does a man think truly in natural science who sees in all the phenomena of matter only the play of natural forces, and in its combinations only a fortuitous concourse of atoms? Does he think truly in history who never sees God's finger in the destinies of nations, nor hears His footfall in the march of the centuries? Does he think truly in anatomy or physiology, who sees no evidence of Divine wisdom in the human frame, so "fearfully and wonderfully made?" I trow not. And as he does not think truly who excludes God from his thinking, so neither does he teach truly. He teaches only half-truths at best, and a half-truth is often as pernicious as a positive lie.

III. A Non-Christian Education Tends toward Infidelity and Atheism.

This must be its tendency in the nature of things; this is its tendency as matter of fact. We must remember that education is carried on by a two-fold process,—the knowledge communicated and the impressions produced. The one largely determines what the student shall *know;* the other determines what he shall *become.* Now what are the impressions that will inevitably be left upon the mind of a youth by an education that is purely secular? As a rule, the impression will be that religion is a very secondary matter—that it has no legitimate connection with mental development; that it is out of place in the spheres of philosophy and science, and is antagonistic to the advanced thought of the age. If, under these circumstances, a student retains his belief in the Bible, and his reverence for God and religion, it is not *because* of his education, but *in spite* of it.

Some, I am aware, maintain a contrary opinion; but they overlook most important facts. They seem to take for granted that a human mind is but like a glass vessel in which a certain

quantity of something we call "knowledge" is stored, which can be drawn upon at pleasure, but which has no effect upon the texture of the vessel; that whether the contents are healthful food, corrosive acids, or deadly poison, the glass remains uninjured. This is a terrible mistake. Knowledge introduced into, and impressions made upon, the mind do not remain distinct from it. They are woven into the very texture, so to speak, of the mind itself, giving new directions to thought, new colourings to our perceptions of truth, and a new bias to the moral nature. Moreover the years usually spent in college are the very years when the human mind receives its most decisive bent; when teaching, combined with surrounding influences, will do most to determine what the future character shall be,—the years, in a word, when thought crystallizes into lasting conviction; when a permanent direction is given to moral tendencies; when habits both of thinking and acting receive a bias which is not easily changed.

As a rule, the influence of purely secular colleges has been disastrous upon the thought of those who have been educated in them. I say as a rule, because there are exceptions to this rule as to every other. But the exceptions have been where colleges, entirely secular as regards the *curriculum*, have been manned by Christian professors whose character and influence compensated, to some extent at least, for the absence of religious truth from the course of study. But where this compensating element is not found, the effects are always disastrous. If some reader suggests that my theory is contradicted by facts, I sadly answer, not so. The facts prove my theory, as they who have given careful attention to the subject know right well. This is the case in the United States, where some prominent State universities have become so notoriously anti-Christian in their influence that I am told, on good authority, it is almost an exception for a student to go through the course without having his religious faith undermined, or at least greatly shaken. In India similar results have happened on a large scale. In that country colleges and a university were established, from which all Christian teaching was rigorously excluded. Western philosophy and science soon upheaved the foundations of Eastern superstition, and heathenism among the students tottered to its fall. But alas! the education which was digging, really though unintent-

tionally, at the foundations of heathenism, put nothing better in its place, and so disastrous have been the results that, within a few years, leaders of thought in India, including persons high in office, have been discussing the advisableness of handing over the State colleges to the Churches, as the only means of saving the country from the leadership of a generation of educated atheists.

IV. A Non-Christian Education is Fraught with Peril to the State.

The foundation of national safety is national virtue, the moral sentiments of the people, rectitude in the private life of the citizen. But moral sentiments and moral rectitude must be sustained by adequate moral forces, and these Christianity alone supplies. To quote the emphatic language of Washington,—"Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." All history testifies that intellectual culture is no safeguard from moral vileness, ending in national degeneration and decay. Egypt, once in the van of civilization and learning, is to-day "the basest of nations," and the once mighty empires of Greece and Rome tell the same sad story. Where shall we find such philosophy, such oratory, such art, as in the land that gave to the world a Homer, a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle? Where shall we find such jurisprudence, such statesmanship, such eloquence, as in the empire that could boast of a Justinian, a Cæsar, a Cicero, and a Tully? But where are Greece and Rome to-day? They have fallen. Their civilization lacked the conserving element: the salt was without savour, and was cast out to be trodden under feet of men.

Such examples are full of warning. The causes which led to national downfall then, are in operation to-day, and history may repeat herself nearer home than we apprehend. If our civilization is to be progressive and permanent; if our institutions are to rest upon solid foundations; if freedom is to

> "Broaden slowly down
> From precedent to precedent;"

if our liberties are to rest secure in the guardianship of public morality, our colleges and universities, where the leaders of thought are trained, must be permeated through and through with

the principles of New Testament Christianity. In the words of De Tocqueville,—"Despotism may govern without religious faith, but liberty cannot." A lofty morality is the only sufficient safeguard of the liberties of a free people, but "morality," says Dr. Newman, "without God as its authoritative reason, is but a social compact, a human stipulation, to be broken at will or enforced against will."

If I were considering the case of a pagan nation, my proposition would be conceded almost without demur. Let us take Japan as an illustration. There a vast nation has suddenly awakened from centuries of intellectual slumber. They have thrown open their gates to Western civilization, and the most marked feature of the awakening is a universal craving for education,—a craving so strong that to satisfy it the Government has organized a system of education embracing more than 50,000 Common Schools, a number of High Schools, Normal Training Schools for both men and women, and an Imperial University, said, by those who know the facts, to be equal in its equipment and in the ability of its professors to Oxford or Cambridge. The most superficial thinker cannot fail to see that these schools and colleges will be mighty factors in moulding the national character, and that they will largely determine what the future of the nation is to be. If now I submit the question,—"Ought Japan to have an education purely secular, or one permeated throughout by Christian truth and Christian influences?" scarce anyone will hesitate to reply, "The hope of Japan is in Christian education."

If, then, a purely secular education is unsafe for the awakening intellect of a heathen nation, on what principle is it safe for the growing intellect of a professedly Christian nation? unless it be on the supposition that we have advanced so far as to have no further need of God. It is confessed that when laying the foundations of an abiding civilization, an education with the savour of Christian truth is good; but some appear to think that so soon as the nation has got beyond its infancy, the savour can safely be dispensed with. "Be not deceived: God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man"—or a nation—"soweth, that shall he also reap;" and the nation that sows the wind of a godless education, must reap the whirlwind of a swift and hopeless decay.

V. What is "Religious" Education?

Holding, as I do, the views already indicated, it need hardly be said that I plead for religious education in our colleges and universities. But let me not be misunderstood. What is "religious" education? Not *sectarian* education, as some would have us believe; though, for that matter, I would rather have my boy taught by the most pronounced sectarian, provided he were a godly man, than by the most brilliant professor who ruled Christ and the Bible out of his lecture-room. The cry against "sectarian" education has been made to do duty on more than one occasion in the history of this country. Some have used it ignorantly, some thoughtlessly, and some for a purpose,—that is, as a convenient way of exciting prejudice against a movement that gave promise of competing successfully with an educational monopoly, and of placing the advantages of higher culture, under religious auspices, within reach of all. But I plead for religious—not sectarian—education; for there may be quite a difference between the two.

Further, by "religious" I do not mean *theological* education. This is another mistake made by many: they confound religion with theology, and then seem to regard theology as something to be kept distinct from other studies and pursuits; and so they say, let our sons get their education in secular colleges, and then let the Churches have their theological schools in which to teach religion to those who are preparing for the Christian ministry. I deprecate the misapprehension, as it is with some; I protest against the misrepresentation, as it is with others. The religious education for which we plead does not mean the study of sectarian theology. What, then, it may be asked, do you mean by religious education? I mean—

1. Colleges and universities under Christian oversight and control.

2. Chairs occupied by Christian professors in all the departments.

3. A *curriculum* which, while providing for the highest intellectual culture, does not overlook the moral nature, but embraces at least these fundamentals of religious truth—Christian evidences and Christian ethics.

VI. Such an Education is an Urgent Need of the Times.

I plead for such a system for the sake of our sons. If we knew that a year hence those sons, in crossing a wide and deep river, would be suddenly plunged into its rushing current, the knowledge would change some of our plans, at least, in regard to their training. Not a day would be lost in teaching them to swim, and perhaps not satisfied with this we would provide the best life-preservers money could buy, and would have the lads carefully instructed how to use them. The illustration is none too strong. In a few years our boys will be plunged into a sea where they must swim or drown, and where nothing but fixed religious principles will have buoyancy enough to keep their heads above water, and sustain them until they reach the other side. Our sons, as they go forth to life's great battle, must face the same problems and grapple with the same foes that we have had to encounter. Shall we, then, send them forth unprepared,—utterly unarmed and defenceless? Oh, surely not! But will an education that is purely secular supply the needed armour of proof? Nay; nothing but "the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left" can possibly shield them in the strife. If my statements seem extravagant, listen at least to the words of Professor Huxley, whom one is almost surprised to find on this side of the question—"There must be moral substratum to a child's education to make it valuable, and there is no other source from which this can be obtained at all comparable to the Bible."

You may ask what difference it makes who teaches my boy chemistry, biology, anatomy, astronomy, or the like. It may make a tremendous difference, both in regard to *what* he is taught and *how* it is taught; for often the tone and spirit of a professor goes farther than the instruction he gives in determining what a student shall become. In that most critical period of life when intellect is fairly awaking; when the youth is just becoming conscious of the mental power that has been slumbering within him; when he longs to explore new and untried regions; when he craves a wider freedom, and regards with suspicion whatever claims authority over his thoughts or actions; when he begins to regard intellectual culture as the highest possible good, and looks up to his professors as

incarnations of wisdom, from whose *dicta* there can be no appeal; at such a time the teaching and influence of the lecture-room may make all the difference between moral safety and moral shipwreck.

If, for example, my boy is engaged in the study of biology, does it make no difference whether he hears from his professor's lips that God is the only Author and Giver of life, or is told that life, so far from being a Divine gift, is only a spontaneous generation from lifeless matter? If he is studying the structure and laws of the human frame, does it make no difference whether he is taught to recognize Divine power and wisdom in the marvellous adaptation of means to ends, saying with the Psalmist, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made. . . . Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them;" or, on the other hand, is taught to believe that he is but the product of a blind Force; that he came, by some unlucky accident, from the darkness of the past, and is speeding swiftly toward the deeper darkness beyond? If he is studying the wonders of the starry universe, does it make no difference whether the lectures to which he listens be in the spirit of the Psalmist's confession, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork;" or in the spirit of the French atheist who said, "The heavens declare only the glory of Laplace and Leverrier?" Ah! yes; it does make a difference,—an incalculable difference,—a difference that can be measured only by celestial diameters.

I plead for religious education for the sake of the nation. Matthew Arnold has told us that the hope of the world is in its sages and its saints. In other words, Wisdom and Righteousness are the twin forces to save society from corruption and decay. The remark is good, though not particularly original. The principle was recognized by God, if not by man, far back in human history. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom; the seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal were the conserving force in Israel; and this consensus of Old Testament teaching is emphasized and confirmed in the New by the declaration of Christ concerning His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

The future of this nation will depend upon the extent to which

all its institutions—social, commercial, political—are permeated by religious principles, and this, in turn, will depend upon the education we give our sons and daughters. He must be blind indeed who sees no necessity for higher and better principles in both political and commercial life. Unless there be improvement in these directions, the future forebodes disaster. Nay, unless a powerful conserving element can be infused, there is no prospect before us but universal corruption and dishonesty. If this be so, it may be said the Churches are to blame. Perhaps so; and they are to blame, if at all, just because they are suffering the education of our young men to become non-Christian,—a sure prelude to its becoming anti-Christian. This is where the remedy must be applied: religious principles must be inwoven with the moral fibre of our young men in the process of education, and not be put on as a convenient veneering afterwards.

The issues are far more serious than most persons seem to know. The real question as between the Christian and the infidel in this land is not the inspiration of the Bible, and the thousand and one questions which grow out of that; but it is whether the spirit of our educational system is to be secular or religious, and whether it is to be controlled by the Christian or by the infidel? Some one may say I am putting this too strongly; that there are numbers of people who are by no means infidels, and even many who claim to be Christians, who think that religion is out of place in school or college. But a moment's reflection will show that such persons, whether consciously or not, are putting themselves on the infidel's platform, and are reasoning along his lines. The only difference is, that while he perceives the logical outcome of his argument, the others do not. He demands a purely secular education; they join with him, though not with the same end in view; but while the methods are alike, the results cannot be widely different. He would have a nation of atheists, made such by their education; they would have a nation of Christians, who are such in spite of their education. He would annihilate all belief in the existence of a personal God—all respect for His character—all reverence for His law; they would retain these things in the church and the home, though joining to exclude them from the college and the school. But the result is the same. Between them both, Christ must

seek the shelter of the manger, because there is no room for Him in the inn. He must be relegated to the companionship of the ignorant and the lowly, because they can find no room for Him in the misnamed culture of this age.

VII. How can such an Education be Secured?

If we are to have the Christian element recognized in Higher Education, we must have colleges and universities planted upon Christian foundations and under Christian control. In colleges endowed and controlled by the State, the religious element must be ignored. They can take no account of it either in authorizing the *curriculum* or in appointing the professors. But may not the professors in a State college be Christian men? Assuredly they *may* be, but we have no guarantee that they *will* be. Such appointments will be made—unless party considerations intervene—solely on the ground of ability to teach the required branches, viewed from a purely secular standpoint, and the religious character or views of the candidate cannot be considered at all. Moreover, in the sudden changes which result from party government, it is quite within the possibilities that we may some day have a Minister of Education who would regard religious skepticism as a recommendation rather than an objection, and hence the Chair that is filled by a Christian to-day may be filled by an atheist to-morrow.

But how can we have Christian colleges? Only through the Churches. How can they be adequately endowed and sustained? *Chiefly by private liberality.* It is held by some—perhaps by many—that it is the duty of the State to provide every requisite for Higher Education. I question the correctness of the theory, as I do the soundness of the policy. That it is the duty of the State to provide for *primary* education, and even to make it compulsory, is clear, because illiteracy is the prolific parent of vice and crime; but in the matter of Higher Education, which partakes somewhat of the character of a luxury, it may be the duty of the State to aid and encourage it, but not to provide for it entirely. State aid should be an encouragement to private benevolence, not a substitute for it; and grants of public money for Higher Education should be conditioned, both in direction and amount, by the principle of helping those who help themselves.

It is possible that these lines may be read by some who recog-

nize the solemn trust of stewardship, and who sincerely desire so to fulfil the trust that at the last the "well done" of the Master will be theirs. Sometimes, perhaps, you are in doubt as to the best way of investing your Lord's money, so that it may yield the largest returns in glory to God and good to men, because you see that much that is given in charity, so called, seems to produce no good, or at least no lasting, results. Far be it from me to dissuade you from helping the poor because results seem so small; but I would fain show you "a more excellent way," and it is this: Let a portion of your wealth be given to aid in endowing Christian colleges and universities, and thus put in operation agencies that will work for the good of thousands long after you have passed to your reward. Ye give your money in daily charity, and ye do well; but the dole of to-day will be spent ere to-morrow, and the effect upon society is *nil*. Ye help to provide refuges for the destitute, and homes for God's suffering poor, and ye do well; but although the suffering inmates are sheltered and comforted, they send no healthful influence abroad, and the grace of your benefaction is unfelt beyond the narrow circle that shared the benefit. Ye leave wealth to your children, and they *may* use it wisely; but, on the other hand, the wealth you laboured to accumulate may be wasted by others on sinful indulgences; the fortune which held in it unmeasured possibilities of blessing, may prove a corroding curse, and the fruit that seemed so fair may, like apples of Sodom, turn to caustic ashes on the lip. But he who endows a Chair in a Christian university, like one who digs a well in a desert, unseals a fountain whose perennial waters shall refresh the weary while passing centuries march their rounds. He may die, but his work shall live, and its power to bless shall grow with each revolving sun. He may pass from toil to rest, from labour to reward, but he leaves behind him a long succession of representatives,—Christian teachers who shall send forth generations of men wise in all the wisdom of the schools, and loyal to the heart's core to Christ and His truth; and thus the benefits shall multiply till he who sowed the seed shall reap the harvest with vast and abiding increase.

THE HOME OF THE DEMIGODS.

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To the lowlander there is a strange attraction in lofty mountains—a feeling as though the mysterious powers which shaped the world have there left their most vivid impress, as though there the earth's hidden pulse-throbs must be more evident than on the every-day monotony of plains. I had always had a longing for the mountains. My fancy clothed them with all sorts of dim beauties and sublimities, which "the Mountain" at Hamilton, my earliest acquaintance among the dignified brotherhood of hills, had never wholly equalled. Even the Laurentides and the Alleghanies hardly reached my ideal. And now, after tasting the joys of climbing among the Bohemian ranges, which, though charming and picturesque, never raise their cloud-capped summits to the limit of eternal snow, I was for the first time to visit one of those giant sons of earth whose head is whitened by the snows of ages, while his feet are firmly planted among the sunless gorges dug by glacier torrents.

Norway is a wilderness of mountains gnawed and cut into by fjords and deep river valleys. Its wildest and loftiest peaks are focussed in one central region which a lifetime ago lay almost unknown and unvisited; for its pathless, dizzy precipices offered nothing to the farmer, huntsman or trader, and climbing for climbing's sake was an amusement which had not yet laid hold of the sober Norwegian fancy.

However, the fierce charms of these gloomy fastnesses at length became known to travellers, and now there are guides and a few cabins for shelter, so that with some exertion their grand scenery can be enjoyed. The Norwegians call this icy, desolate mountain mass *Jotunheim*, the home of the giants or demigods, and the name is well and poetically chosen.

However, I must not wander too far afield, but begin the climbing I had promised myself when I set out on this invasion of the giants' home. A rough waggon road twines its serpentine way through the river valleys, clinging for dear life to precipices and striding on crazy log-bridges across torrents foaming far

below, till at last it reaches a point near the foot of the highest of the Norwegian peaks, Galdhœpigen. A guide, called Ole Roedsjem, has his log-house and his log-barns and even an acre or two of oats and hay in this wild spot, and as he knows the mountains better than any other mortal, most would-be climbers come to him. Ole is a jolly soul. His ruddy face, with its covering of freckles, is constantly wrinkled by the widest of smiles, with a tendency to go off suddenly into broad laughter on slight provocation. Shaggy red air, a voluminous red beard, and a clear blue eye must be added to finish up his portrait. He is short but powerfully built, and dressed in plain homespun. A polyglot young German was with me as we reached this out-of-the-way-place, and to my comfort did all the talking. Ole welcomed us effusively and with a wide and captivating smile, and we were soon in his bare best room. Rough board floors and tables, with benches for chairs, walls of chinked logs and a low ceiling formed by the floor of the rooms above, supported on half-hewn beams, made up the room. The kindly-looking mother, red-haired and homely, shook hands with us, displaying a somewhat washed out copy of her husband's smile. A tall, comely, adopted daughter, a girl with red hair also, but with fine features and a purity of white and red in her complexion that would have made her a beauty under more refined circumstances, brought us our supper—trout, that an hour before had hid their speckled beauties in the dark pools of the stream which tumbled and sang a few rods from the house. They were delicious. I have met a few unhappy mortals in my wanderings to whom trout is poison. Such unfortunate ones have my profoundest pity. With the trout we had good soft bread, not the usual *fladbrod* which the traveller in remote parts of the country comes at length to expect and to abominate. For drink we had tea and for my German friend beer. A glass of goat's milk was brought me, but its rank flavour made one taste enough.

Making our arrangements immediately we got a guide, not the distinguished Ole, but his deputy, and trudged off through the long evening, to a *saeter* or herdgirl's hut, 2,000 feet up the flank, so as to have a shorter climb on the morrow. Two ladies came along, clergyman's daughters brought up in a secluded valley fifty miles away, yet well read and able to speak English. One, who spoke English best, was proud to show off her accom-

plishment, and amused me with gossip about Du Chaillu, the traveller and author of the "Land of the Midnight Sun." All I remember of the chat is that the great man was very homely and friendly in his ways, carried pockets full of *bonbons* for the children, and developed a tendency to kiss pretty girls in a fatherly way when an opportunity presented itself.

A steep climb brought us to the *saeter* about ten o'clock, when the last glories of the sunset were fading to ashes in the sky. There were two little huts with one room each. The open fire was comfortable in the evening coolness, and the ugly old woman who presided over the churns and cheese-presses and cream-ladles and milk-tubs gave us a hearty welcome and a big wooden bowl of milk, cream and all. Herr Jebens and I drank alternately from opposite sides of the bowl, as two friends sometimes do *weissbier* in the Berlin *kneips*. The man with the largest moustache got most cream.

The two ladies occupied the hut with the old woman, while Jebens and I and the guide composed ourselves on some hay in the other. We all devoutly prayed for a bright day on the morrow, and slept the sleep of the tired.

It seemed to be no more than the proverbial "three winks" before I heard the guide bustling round next morning. It was six o'clock as we sallied out to go to breakfast in the other hut. The air was raw, and a chilly moisture made one shiver. Ah! me, our prayers of last night were vain. The mountain's top, which the evening before glowed in a heaven of unearthly light and colour, was this morning shrouded in the most leaden of clouds threatening to hide everything with a pall of grey. However we ate *fladbrod* and cold meat and drank coffee and mustered up courage to start about eight o'clock. Our two lady friends concluded they had seen enough of Galdhœpigen, and went down again. Meantime we were crossing, at a stiff walk, bogs and rivulets and wet bushes and slopes on which the stones seemed to have rained. My German friend had been doing some boasting the night before, and the guide put us through without mercy by way of revenge. The slopes became steeper. Bushes dwindled and disappeared. The frank-eyed Alpine flowers grew rare and stunted. Mosses and lichens alone hid the dark rocks with their solemn hues—greys, sad greyish greens, and melancholy, water-soaked browns. Soon

even the soft tufts of reindeer moss forsook us, and the meagrest grey lichens became appalled, stout-hearted as they are, and shrank from those ever-rising desert slopes.

Meantime we had crept up into the clammy cloud-bank that shrouded the upper third of the mountain's massive form. It took shape, or rather trembled shapelessly around, as swaying, soaking mists. On through the mists, over the slippery stones! It may clear up before noon. And now out of the grey loomed a faint blue wall. We approach it and find a wall of ice where a glacier ends in the sullen waters of a half-frozen lake, the highest and most lifeless sheet of water in Scandinavia. With the glacier began our real troubles. We scrambled over the loose angular stones of its terminal moraine, piling up here and there a little heap, so that we might not lose our way in the fog on the return. Then came the passage over the treacherous glacier. The guide roped us togeher, he going ahead a rod or two, and Jebens behind. At every step he sounded with his alpenstock for crevasses. The rain and mist had now turned to snow. Grey snow on every side; grey snow shut us in above and grey snow filled the air around. Except the muffled, slow-moving figure trudging silently before me there was nothing to hint of height, depth, or space. That indefinite grey shut out from us all the world, things beautiful and gay, the sky above and the fair earth beneath; friends and hope itself seemed to be left farther and farther behind in that half hour's trudge into the formless, colourless world of snow.

Finally the guide stopped, looked once more at his compass, and admitted that he did not know where we were, and that there was great risk in going on. There were dangerous crevasses on certain sides of the glacier. A cheerful thought that. There ran through my mind a Tyrolese story of one who fell into a crevasse, was mourned for and forgotten, till half a hundred years after the creeping glacier dropped from its cold embrace a corpse, still lifelike and youthful, but clad in an ancient, almost forgotten garb. What if fifty years hence this formless monster of a glacier beneath us should deliver far down in the valley three corpses, fresh and lifelike and young, but ah, long ago forgotten!

But away with such sickly fancies. We reversed our order of march, retraced our steps in the snow as far as possible, and then steered by compass till we once more stood on the moraine. The

heaps we had made guided us back We lunched by the shore of the sullen lake reflecting the blue glacier wall, and after a hard and rapid descent found ourselves at Roedsjem's house again before supper time.

From beneath, the cloud-swathed mountain looked much more inviting, and even took on a flaming sort of glory at sunset.

What suave attractions, what alluring aromas are wafted from a beefsteak when you are desperately hungry, as we were that night. Sweet is rest after toil and food after fasting, so we lolled in our chairs and blessed the tall, blonde stepdaughter as she brought us steaming *Oxsteg* (tinned) and hot cakes and tea.

We found that a new party had arrived, a German baron and two titled ladies. The little house was crowded, but we all found accommodation.

Jebens and I were leisurely breakfasting on the inevitable trout next morning when we heard that the titled party had set off an hour before, escorted by the great Ole himself and another guide, to ascend the mountain. It looked fine, so we determined, though somewhat stiff from yesterday's performance, to follow and overtake them. They had taken horses as far as possible, which gave us the advantage, since the trail up to the *saeter* was long and roundabout, while the steep footpath was short. At the *saeter* we got another bowl of milk from the homely old woman and learned that the party had gone on. We pushed after them. The day was fine, the first really fine weather of the summer we were told, and we felt as much inspirited as we had been depressed the day before. Our stiffness had all worked off and the previous month's tramping had hardened our muscles, so that even though they had two hours the start, we caught up to the German party before the glacier was reached. Ole smiled his engaging smile and seemed surprised to see us, but was glad to rope us in with the rest, for one of the ladies had ventured to come, and the addition to the party would make things more safe. All this Jebens translated for me, since my Norwegian was fragmentary and Ole's English consisted of a doubtful "Yes" or "No," eked out by a "Ha! ha!" or a wider grin than usual. Once more we trudged over the glacier, now sparkling with midsummer sunlight. There was a steep climb of five or six hundred feet, through knee-deep snow, which proved a serious matter for the countess, even with the aid of the rope and a guide

close beside her. There we stood at last on the highest point of Norway, 8,200 feet above the sea-level, in the very midst of the savage home of the demigods. What a wild and terrible scene lay around us! A stiff frozen, tumultuous sea of black cliffs, snow and glaciers, cut by profound, chasm-like valleys. Hardly a touch of green or any other colour was to be seen, for Roedsjem's deep valley was far below our line of vision. From this point one saw nature rough-hewn, just as God's resistless graver, the glacier, had left it, majestic and awful. No softening and polishing of contours by running water, no clothing of uncouthness by verdure or forest which enwraps more favoured regions in a mantle of charity! A world blocked out but left unfinished!

A thermometer that had been brought along stood several degrees below freezing, and the icy, unopposed wind soon drove us from the summit; but before retreating we lunched, crouching on the leeward side of the rocks which were kept free from snow by the searching winds. The titled people sat a little apart in frosty dignity, while Ole and his silent aid joined us in the meal. Ole recounted his various ascents, and spoke of his visit to England one winter to learn the language. The German guide-book which I carried described his English as "good." The hero himself, however, admitted that his English, while good as far as it went, still left room for extension. Meantime we had reached the desert, and Herr Jebens extracted cakes of chocolate from his well-stocked wallet and handed round. Ole took his portion with an appreciative grin. The silent guide muttered thanks for the unwonted luxury. Jebens made his politest bow to the countess, and was about to offer her also a piece, but was frozen stiff in the act by an icy glance of that proud lady's eye, and dropped back in his place in confusion.

On our return over the glacier the only mishap of the day occurred. The baron slipped into a crevasse hidden by the snow. He was pulled out by means of the rope tied round his waist, and seemed startled but none the worse for his adventure.

After leaving the glacier my friend and I bade goodbye to the party, which travelled very slowly, since the lady was much tired by the climb, and struck out our own way home. We went astray, and were stopped suddenly by finding ourselves on the brow of a cliff, with the huts of the *saeter* no-

where in sight. A steep incline of snow began a few steps below the cliff's edge, and ended perhaps 200 feet beneath. We let ourselves down to the top of this magnified snow-bank and made ready to descend. We began slowly, sliding on our feet, with our alpenstocks as steering apparatus. In a moment our velocity increased, it became difficult to put on the brakes, and soon we were flying down the incline like bolts shot from a catapult, and not in the most dignified posture. It was tobogganing without the tobogan. Our arrival at the bottom was softened by a bed of mud into which we plunged, hands and feet foremost, with rather more momentum than was agreeable.

We picked ourselves up with a laugh, and splashed over the boggy slopes and around projecting points of rock till the *saeter* came in view. We made no delay there but took our way down the steep path to Roedsjem's, which we reached about six o'clock, tired, but delighted to have conquered this time. The year had been very unfavourable, and we had been the first to have anything like a fair view from the summit.

After supper I noticed that the lady who had been left behind, a baroness as it presently appeared, walked up and down uneasily in the room which combined the attractions of parlour, dining-room and drinking-room, and finally, to my great astonishment, addressed me in the purest English, apologising for the intrusion, but much alarmed because we had come back without her friends. She was greatly relieved to find that they were safe and would soon arrive. Once the ice was broken, we had a pleasant chat, and she proved to be an American. It was an immense comfort to meet one who spoke real English, not the appalling language a Norwegian or German learns for English in the gymnasium. There is a very pleasant aroma about American English when heard in a foreign land, even though it has a trace of the "down east" nasality. I enjoyed it as I do the "foxiness" of some of our native American grapes.

This was the second American lady I had met in Norway, who had given up her native land to marry a German count or baron. No matter where one is travelling, it is safe to address one's neighbour in English. On the main routes, he is more apt to be an Englishman, Scotchman, or American, than a man of any other tongue. It is curious that those proudest of their land and race should be oftenest found away from them!

Travelling third class once, after the manner of German students, not far from Berlin I found myself alone for some time with another passenger. I supposed he was a German, for English-speaking people rarely travel third class when "abroad," though fond enough of doing so when at home; so at length I addressed him in German. The man listened attentively, even anxiously, and said, "Nikt sprecke Deutsch." His "ch's" showed me what was wrong, and I had a hearty laugh to his evident disgust. When I asked why he didn't speak English, he looked quite crestfallen, but soon brightened and told me all about his troubles. He was a clerk in some English city, and having two weeks summer vacation, determined to see the world, and thinking Germany cheaper than France, steered straight for Berlin. He could not afford the high-priced hotels frequented by Englishmen, and so took a third-rate house where no one knew a word of English. His description of the dismay he felt at the sight of the mountainous feather bed under which he was to tuck himself on a hot summer's night, of the blank void he felt within when his breakfast, instead of comprising beefsteak and potatoes, consisted of one small roll and a cup of coffee, was delightful. His account of the extortion of droskydrivers and the obstinacy of "tramway" officials in always taking him in the wrong direction, of the horrors of German "rosbif" (roastbeef) and the unsatisfying nature of German soups, of the general objectionableness of all things foreign, and especially German, was sufficient to prevent, I should think, any sensible shopkeeping Briton from ever going so far from home as Berlin for his holidays.

But here we are a thousand miles from our Norwegian mountains and talking about something far less imposing than the home of the demigods. It was the German baroness of American extraction that led us so far astray.

We rested the next day, which was Sunday, and shuffled round the narrow valley in slippers, for the two days' heavy climbing had used up our feet. It was true Sabbath weather, calm, restful and mild, with something of the faintly warming sunshine of autumn. Goats bleated and scrambled up the rocks; the bells of the cattle pasturing on the mountain side chimed a soft, distant music; a dozentiny waterfalls leaped from dizzy heights, chanting with silvery voices; and a roar of bass from the muddy glacier torrent filled out a most inspiring anthem in this deep mountain valley.

On Monday morning we bid goodbye to the ever-smiling Ole and took our way up the valley and over the fields (or mountains) toward Skjolden on the Sogne fjord. It was a most dreary, tiresome journey, made more wretched by a pouring rain. Up ran the winding goatpath for nearly 4,000 feet, slippery, stony, half way turned to a muddy stream by the rain. Whether the goats or the torrent had the right of priority, they seemed just now to share the shiny road. Before long the fjeld was reached and the wretched path vanished. Stone-heaps called *varden* served to point out the way, which crept sinuously over the rocky surface, now over a snow-field or past a lake on whose surface last winter's ice still rested, now along the flank of a mountain to whose side a glacier hung. After passing the last *saeter* in the valley not a sign of life was to be seen during all that dreary day. The long evening drew on, and still we were trudging over the fjeld from one *var* to another. Will the path down into the Skjolden valley never begin? At last in the dusk we noticed that the way began to descend. It soon became precipitous, and deep below us in the gloom one or two lights twinkled. We were near our journey's end. Choosing the nearest light, we stumbled down the crooked goatpaths as directly as we could toward our beacon. But what is that resounding in the darkness? It is the river and our light is beyond it! We were too tired and miserable to go farther and too wet to care much what came, so without more ado we waded cautiously into the swift-flowing, icy stream. The farther bank was steep and covered with bushes, but the tinkling of bells encouraged us, and we were soon picking our way among the cows and goats encamped about the hut. A rap brought a startled young woman to the door. She bid us enter, and gave us a bench by the smouldering fire. She and a little girl were the only dwellers in that lonely place; however, she was hospitable, as most mountain-dwellers are, and did her best to accommodate us. The inevitable fladbrod and cheese came on the table and wooden bowls of milk. What with the cold milk and the drenching during the day and our extreme fatigue, we were both shuddering with a sort of chill. The young woman put brushwood on the fire on the open hearth and nearly smothered us with the penetrating but aromatic smoke of juniper boughs. I was never more used up by a day's work than by that one, and Jebens said the same of himself.

DISCARD

The guide-book calls the distance we had come during the day twenty-two and a half hours. We had been about fifteen hours in doing it. There was but one bed in the place, and that on the floor. The kind-hearted hostess gave it up to us, and we were so ungallant as to accept it. She and the little girl withdrew into the only other room, a kind of woodshed, and I sincerely hope they slept well. That night was an oblivion, broken now and then by diabolical thumps and knocks on the floor just under us. The little house stood on low posts, as we found next morning, leaving a space of two or three feet in height beneath, and his Satanic majesty, in the form of a goat, had disturbed the rest of two wearied travellers—perhaps it was a punishment for turning the mistress of the house out of her bed—by tremendous raps from his horns.

Next morning we got a better idea of our surroundings than by the guttering tallow candle of the evening before. As we drew on with groanings our still water-soaked boots and tried our sorely stiffened limbs, the young woman came in fresh and rosy from milking and got us breakfast, the best part of which was the chocolate which Jebens showed her how to make. She was fine-looking, with the wholesome Norwegian type of beauty and the pearly white teeth so common among the mountaineers. Like most *saeter* girls, her eyes were heavy and red, not from weeping, for they are merry enough, but from the smoke of the open fire. Many of these huts have no chimney, and the smoke wanders out through cracks or the open door, or stays in, as it will.

Breakfast over, we gave our hostess a crown for her trouble, and she smiled most contentedly as we bid goodbye and shook hands after the Norwegian custom.

Two hours' downhill walk through the valley of a turbulent mountain river which tumbled heels over head every few rods, like a schoolboy let out for holidays, brought us to a quaint little village, where, after much discussion and delay, we hired a buckboard for Skjolden, some seven or eight miles farther on.

We had crossed the very centre of the giants' desolate home, and were not sorry to stand again by the salt waves of the fjord, within reach of white bread, newspapers (ten days old), steamboats and civilization.

"CAPTAIN RUST."*

At the time I made his acquaintance, "Captain Rust" was a 'long-shore ranger, and as such was much better known than respected. I first heard of him in connection with the unlawful disappearance of some chickens. I happened one morning to be passing a row of cottages, the back-yards of which went down to the river-bank; and seeing a crowd round the door of one of them, I asked a person who had come from the spot what was the cause of the commotion.

"Well, it ain't anything very dreadful," answered the man; "it's Jim Burgess a-swearing vengeance agen everybody, because some one has been and collar'd a couple of his chickens. He thinks it's some of the neighbours, and he's a-letten out strong in hopes that the party may get raw and put their head in the cap."

At this point a woman, who to judge from the basket over her arm, and the house-door key carried loosely in her hand, had been out marketing, came along the Row, and, on reaching the verge of the crowd, asked:

"What's up?"

"Some one has stole two of Jim's best chickens," answered a dozen voices.

"Ah, I shouldn't wonder," she said coolly; "I was expecting to hear something bein' a-missing—I saw 'Captain Rust' prowling about outside the back-doors when I was a-getting up this morning, and I thought to myself at the time, 'Well, some one will suffer for it.'"

On hearing this there was a general exclamation of "O-o-o!" uttered in a tone that made it mean that there was no further occasion to ask to whom the disappearance of the fowls was attributable. This also seemed to be Burgess' opinion; for looking greatly disconcerted, and muttering something about giving Mr. Rust a dustin' the first time he dropped on him, he hastily retreated indoors, and the crowd dispersed.

One of them was a shrewd, good-humoured tinker, with

* Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the River-side Visitor. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle-street, City-road, E.C.

whom I had a nodding acquaintance, and following him up, I asked:

"Who is 'Captain Rust?'"

"Well, as to *who* he is," answered the tinker, sententiously, "I can't tell yer; as likely as not he couldn't tell yer himself. As to what he is, why he ain't anything in particular; he's on the loose. You see, he's the sort of gentleman for fowls to roost high from, and he ain't partic'lar to trifles in other ways. All the same, he's not what you may call an altogether bad sort of warment. At least not yet; though I suppose he will be all in good times, or, as I should say, all in *bad* time. The law is sure to have him sooner or later; and, when he's jailed two or three time, or done a turn of penal, he'll come out a finished blade, and a keen un. When Rust has once got the jail polish, it'll be 'ware hawk' between him and them as has got anything to lose."

"But why do they call him 'Captain Rust?'" I persisted, as my discursive acquaintance came to a pause.

"Why, because he's a ruster. Leastwise, he sets up as rusting bein' his reg'lar game, and I suppose it is to a certain extent; but he ain't partic'lar in sticking to one line: bits of sails, or rope, timber, or any such live stock as pigeons, fowls, or rabbits, anything in fact, as ain't too hot, or too heavy, or too well watched—it's all the same to him, all's fish that comes to his net."

"Still, you haven't told me what rusting is," I said.

"Beg your pardon, no more I ain't," answered the tinker, good-humouredly: "well, it is pickin' up old iron 'long shore—they call it rust, because it mostly is rusty, I suppose."

For some months after this, it was not my hap either to come into contact with Captain Rust, or to hear anything further of him. I had almost forgotten that there was such a person, when his name again cropped up in connection with a matter in which I was personally interested.

I had been assisting to establish a Ragged School in a part of my district standing sorely in need of such institution, and just as the school was about to be opened, I, in common with my fellow-workers, was portentously informed by some of the inhabitants who had taken a friendly interest in our labours that we might look out for squalls; that the redoubtable Captain Rust

had taken up his parable against the school, and avowed his intention of "making it hot" for all concerned in the affair.

Whether or not Captain Rust was at the bottom of it, certain it is that the night-school on its opening had an evil time of it. Bands of young roughs besieged it. The younger scholars were pelted and hooted at as they went in and out. A constant whooping and howling was kept up, the doors were battered till at times they seemed about to give way, and occasionally windows were broken. One night when I was taking a class the annoyance had been particularly great; and on the close of the school, I was leaving in anything but an amiable frame of mind, when one of the pupils, who had left a few minutes previously, came running up to me breathlessly, exclaiming:

"They've got him, sir, they've cotch'd him, old Ben Tyler has,—and ain't he just a-servin' on him out, sir, that's all!"

As he spoke he pointed to a group a little way down the street, and walking up to it I found in the midst a boy tied up to the wall by the thumbs in such a manner that the tips of his toes barely touched the ground; while, standing beside him, flourishing a stout rope's-end, was Ben Tyler, an old navy pensioner, who added to his scanty pension by fish-hawking.

"Punishment parade, you see, yer honour," said Ben, touching his hat as I came up and evidently expecting my approval.

"He's got to have ten minutes more of this, and I've give him a round and sound dozen with Timothy Tickle-Toby here"—he went on brandishing the rope's-end as he spoke—"and though—as is only fair to say—he's game to the backbone, and wouldn't give mouth, I'll pound it that every stroke went home, and won't want no rubbin' in."

The culprit was a boy of apparently nine or ten years of age. I had often seen him in the streets and about the river-bank, and, without knowing who he was, or ever having spoken to him, we had come to entertain a liking for him. He was a well-grown, fine-limbed boy, with a jaunty, rollicking gait that spoke him full of spirits. He had a fair, chubby, smiling face, bright blue eyes, and crisply curling brown hair; and, well washed and dressed, would have been pronounced a handsome boy anywhere.

Though he now kept his teeth firmly clenched, and tried to appear carelessly defiant, it was evident that he suffered severely. Seeing this I said to old Tyler:

"Well, perhaps it's only from thoughtlessness that he has annoyed us; and, at any rate, he has been sufficiently punished, and you had better let him go now."

"Beggin' pardon, yer honour, I don't think I had," answered Tyler; "it's not often that you can catch a customer of his stamp, and when you do you should stick to 'em. I've been arter him for some time, but he has always managed to run the blockade up till now. To-night, howm-sum-ever, I captured him fair, and me and some of them round as have boys at the school court-martialed him, and the sentence was a dozen with the rope and a quarter of an hour's stringing up. The dozen he's had,' he concluded, pulling out a large old-fashioned watch as he spoke; "but there's eight minutes of the time to run."

"O, but you must let me beg him off that," I said; "he will promise me not to disturb the school again, I know—won't you now?"

I paused for an answer, but he would make none, and Tyler exclaimed:

"There, you see the sort he is! Let him go, eh? Give him another dozen, more like."

"Well, it seems he is a stubborn boy," I said; "still I cannot stand by and see him tormented;" and without further parley I cut the string. I had laid hold of his collar intending to administer a few words of admonition ere letting him go; but before I could speak he had deftly twisted himself loose and dashed away.

"You'd a better let him had the dose out, sir," said Tyler, somewhat sulkily; "I wouldn't go to be cruel to any youngster, but with such as Captain Rust you must be hard if you mean to do any good with 'em.

"Captain Rust!" I exclaimed, "Do you mean to say that was Captain Rust?"

"Why, yes," said the pensioner; "who did you think it was? There ain't another Captain Rust, I expects; or, if there is, that un's the original character; and a beauty he is, without paint."

The following morning I was going along the street from which side streets branched off from either side, when I became conscious that I was being dogged. I could hear a pattering of bare feet behind me; but whenever there was any indication of stopping

or turning on my part, I could tell by the sound that the person following me rushed down the nearest side street. At length, feeling more irritated than alarmed, I determined to ascertain by whom I was being followed; and, striding hastily back to the top of a narrow street, whom should I behold but Captain Rust, trying to so flatten himself into a doorway as to be screened from sight. He now darted out, but, having retreated well out of reach, he came to a standstill as if undecided what to do. Presently he began to come cautiously forward, and on getting within earshot, opened parley:

"May I speak to you, guv—— sir?" he called out stammeringly.

"Of course you can," I answered.

"And you won't go a-collarin' of me, or a-giving me into charge for making a row at the school?"

"No; I would do nothing against him for what was past," I answered.

"Honour bright?" he questioned dubiously.

"Honour bright," I answered; and then he came confidently up to me.

"And now what do you want to say?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he began slowly and with a rather puzzled air, "it ain't esackly as I've got anythink to tell you like; on'y I see you goen along, and I thinks to myself, I ought to say "Thank you" to him, and I was a-comin' right up, when I thinks as well, perhaps he'll lumber me, and that was what put me folloren you up in sich an in-and-out style—so thank you, sir."

"You mean for cutting you loose last night?" I said.

"Yes sir," he answered. "I wouldn't knuckle down to old Ben and that lot; but it did hurt me orfle, and wasn't I glad to get away! and I'll never get on with any games at the school again,—I wouldn't be such a bad un as that 'ud come to, arter *you* cutting of me down; and if any of the rest on 'em gets a molestin' of you, it'll be them and me for it."

"I should like you to come to school as a scholar," I said, "only in the evening; now, will you come?"

"He paused in evident embarrassment, but at length he said:

"I can't, sir; I scrats for myself, and I'm on lays as takes me pretty well all my time."

I felt drawn towards the sturdy little fellow, and, seeing some of his arab companions approaching, and desiring to have a little quiet talk with him, I asked:

"Have you had any breakfast this morning?"

"No," he answered, in a tone of indifference.

"Well, will you come and have some with me?"

"Where?" he asked, with quick suspicion.

"O, only round at B——s," I answered, naming a coffee-house, just outside a neighbouring shipyard's gates.

"But I didn't speak to you to get you to stand anythink," said the captain sturdily.

His mind set at ease upon this point, the captain accompanied me with cheerful alacrity, and a few minutes later was seated at a breakfast, which, though plain, I took care was substantial and plentiful. Sipping at a cup of coffee, and appearing to be absorbingly interested in a week-old paper, I let the captain finish his meal without interruping him by talk, or embarrassing him by any notice; and a very hearty meal he made.

He was the first to break silence. Twitching me by the sleeve, he whispered:

"Does yer have to pay for the lot?"

A glance at the table showed me the captain's drift, and I briefly answered:

"Yes."

"Well, that un," he whispered, indicating a slice of bread and butter still left upon the plate, "is one too many for me now—can I plant it?"

I nodded assent, and the next instant he had stowed it away in the pocket of his ragged jacket, and then with a sight of pleasure he exclaimed:

"Wouldn't it be jolly to have a blow-out like this every day! But there," he added in a slightly disappointed tone, "you does have as much as you likes every day."

"And don't you?" I asked, by way of drawing him out.

"Why, no," he said; plenty o' days I don't. I don't more days than I do, and nows and thens there's days I don't get any at all."

"Well, captain," I began, adding in a laughing, apologetical way, "I must call you Captain Rust, you know, as I don't know your proper name."

"Which everybody does call me Captain Rust, and I don't mind," he puts in; "on'y if you want to know my proper name, it's Bill White."

"Well, then, Bill," I said, "about your coming to the school, you may take my word as a friend, that it would be the best thing you could do for yourself; a boy or man that can't read or write has very little chance of getting on in the world nowadays. Come now," I urged, on seeing that he remained silent, "there is nothing to pay, and it's only at night, you know, you could manage that; you can't rust in the dark."

"But it ain't dark till late now," he said; "all the same I don't rust at night, but now as it's the summer I'm on another lay as I do go arter at night."

"What lay is it?" I asked,

"Chuck-out-yer-mouldy-coppers, you know," he answered.

My looks intimated that I did not know, for he went on in an explanatory tone:

"Mud-larkin' and cart-wheelin'. I meets the wans coming back from the bean-feasts and the like, and turns cart-wheels along the road beside 'em, and sings out to those on 'em, "Chuck-out-yer-mouldy-coppers," and there's mostly some good-natured uns among 'em. Then other times I works down 'long shore to the Trafalgar, where the swells as come down to the whitebait feeds are out in the what-do-calls—in front of the winders, you know, and I does a bit of tumblin' afore 'em, and then sings for them to chuck out their coppers."

"That may be all very fine now, Bill," I said; "but you should remember that, after a while, you'll be getting too big for those sort of games, and if you are not a little bit of a scholar, you won't have much chance of making a man of yourself. You had better give up the mouldy-copper lay, and attend the night-school."

"I must knock out a living how I can," he muttered.

"Have you no one to help you?" I asked; "no parents, no father or mother?"

"I ain't got no mother," he answered, and his voice grew low and trembling, and a look of sadness came over his face. It 'ud be different with me if I had. I dare say I should 'a been at school fore now if she'd 'a been left; she stuck to me through thick and thin. I only wish I did have her now. But I dunno neither,"

he added quickly, "she had an orful time of it, and a good deal through a takin' of my part. He used to wollop us dreadful, particlaly poor mother; he killed her orf by inches."

"Your father, you mean?" I said.

"I does, and no one else," his eyes flashing angrily.

"And is he dead too?" was the next question.

"No; wuss luck," he answered promptly. I'd 'a been a lot better off if he had been. He worn't content with kicking me out; if ever he thought I had a few ha'pence he'd come arter me and shake 'em out o' me, and gie me a hidin' if I said anything agen it. Howsumever," he went on, his face brightening again as he spoke, "he's pretty nigh as good as dead to me; he's doen time—ten years' penal, and he had a back-scratchin' into the bargain. A woman as know'd my mother read it all out of a noosepaper to me, and didn't I larf when it said he owled when they were givin' him the 'cat.' I know'd he was chicken-'arted. Though he used to knock us about so, I've heard men put him down like old boots, and he hadn't a word to say for hisself. Agen he's out next time, I'll be man enough for him myself, an' if he comes near me then I'll smash like that," and he brought his fist fiercely on the coffee-room table.

"O, come, Bill," I said, laying a hand upon his shoulder, "you must not have such thoughts as that, they are wicked."

"You may think so," he answered somewhat doggedly; "but you don't know how I've been knocked about; and mother, poor mother!" he added, his voice dropping to a murmur.

"But there!" he resumed suddenly, as if wishing to shake off some train of thought, "I must be goin'."

"You have given me no answer about the school, though," I said, as he rose to his feet.

"I told you the lay I was on," he answered.

"Well, but if I can get you something to do in the day-time to make up for that lay, will you come to school then?"

"I wouldn' like to say anythink to you, sir, that I mightn't stick to," he answered, "and so I'd rather not promise; leastwise not now, perhaps I'll come in the winter."

Though I failed in the chief object of it, my interview with Captain Rust had increased my liking for him; and my desire to snatch him, if I could, from the life of criminality and misery towards which he was but probably gravitating. He was a sturdy,

fearless, self-reliant little fellow, with the seeds of much that was good in him; a boy that, under favourable circumstances, would, in all probability, make a bright man, and a useful member of society. But he was not under favourable circumstances; he was under very *un*favourable circumstances, was in a way to become an enemy to society—one of the "dangerous" classes.

His promise that there should be no more disturbance at the school was faithfully kept; and that, I was told, at the cost of several fights with some of those who were desirous of continuing the sport, as they considered it. At the same time, however, the captain very characteristically began—as my informant upon this point put it—to make poor old Ben Tyler's life a burden to him.

As most of the younger boys who attended the night-classes were in the habit of going into the country with their parents harvesting and hopping, it was, on that and other grounds, decided to discontinue the evening-classes at the school from the beginning of August till the middle of October. When they were resumed I was away from the district on leave of absence, and did not return till November, when, however, I immediately bethought me of Captain Rust. I began to look out for him when taking my walks abroad; but, having at the end of a week seen nothing of him, I began to make inquiries as where I would be likely to "drop on him."

Well, they couldn't exactly tell me, was the answer given by those to whom I put the question. Somewhere about his old "lurk," they should think; but he hadn't shown up much lately, and seemed to be dreadfully down on his luck. At length I fell in with an old man, the keeper of a moored barge, which served as landing-stage for a waterman's ferry, who was a little more definite.

"I see him a few days back," he said, "and precious ill he was, too, poor little feller, with his arm in a sling, and looking like a walking skeleton a'most."

"But can you tell me where I can find him?" I asked.

"I can't now," he answered; "but I'll try and find out. I would like to see summat done for him. He ain't come out much lately," he went on. "You see he's like the wild beastes, as you may say; and like them he'd try to creep into some quiet hole to die."

"But he can't be dead," I said hastily; "or it would be known in the neighbourhood."

"Well, I don't say as he is dead, sir," answered the old man, "and I hope he ain't; but as to saying he can't be, that's another affair. I ain't saying it in a hard-hearted way, but a dozen such as him might be dead and no one know, and—God help 'em, poor little creeters!—no one care about it either. Just you put it to yourself, sir—here's the captain, poor knocked-about little wasteral, who's to miss him if he was gone?"

The old man spoke with a depth of feeling that was catching, and for the moment I had no words to answer him. After a brief pause he went on in a somewhat calmer tone:

"It's pretty certain, sir, that he's kennelling out, most likely in some out-of-the-way corner of a shut-up wharf or yard; and he might die there, and not be a case of 'body found' for long enough after."

What the landing-stage keeper had told me made me feel very anxious and uncomfortable, and throughout the remainder of the day I was actively engaged making inquiries among the policemen on the beat, common lodging-house keepers, and others; but all in vain, none of them could tell me the whereabouts of Captain Rust. The morning, however, the desired information was brought to me, thanks to the instrumentality of the old ferry-keeper, I had just got downstairs, when I was told that a man wished to speak to me. He was a tall, burly fellow, with a hairy cap tied down over his ears, a large red woollen "comforter" wrapped thickly round his throat, and a much bepatched great-coat coming down to his heels, he looked a formidable customer.

"Beg your pardon for calling so early," he began, the instant he was shown into the room; "but you see, sir, I'm night watchman at Miller's yard, and I thought if I didn't call before I turned in, I mightn't catch you."

"That was all right," I said, signing to him to take a chair, "but what might you want with me?"

"Well, it's this way, sir," he began, in a half-confidential sort of tone; "as I was a-coming home this morning, I meets old Dan Davies down at the Ferry there, and says he to me, 'Charley'—Charley Johnson bein' my name, you know—'do you know anything as to where Captain Rust hangs out now?'

So says I, 'Why?' 'Well, cos,' says he, 'Mr. - —— was a-inquirin' of me about him, and I think he'd give him a lift if he could find him.' 'Well, if that's it,' says I, 'I do know something about him. I know where he sleeps, only I'm not supposed *not* to, more than anybody else.' 'Well,' says he, 'if you'd give Mr. —— a call, I'm sure he'd be obliged to you,' and so I said I would, and here I am, sir, and I 'ope you won't think me for'ard in coming."

"I thought him a good-hearted fellow," I answered; and was very much obliged to him for taking the trouble to come.

"O, don't let us say anything about that, sir," he answered, colouring. "It *would* be a poor heart that wouldn't go a step out of its way to help another. This is how it is, sir: Dingley's yard, which is next to ours, has been standing idle this year past, and it's in a shed there that the captain sleeps, though I have to make believe not to know it. I'm supposed to keep a bit of an eye on that yard as well as our own; so, if I was to let on that I was aware of his coming there o' nights, I'd be expected to drive him away; but bless you, sir, I couldn't do it. So as I tell you I take on as if I didn't know it. I try not to see him, and he tries not to let me; he's a sharp little chap, and we understand each other. When I'm having my supper, I leaves a bit at a spot where it's handy for him to fetch it, and then I goes for a walk in another part of the yard, and when I come back the grub's gone; but of course *I* ain't seen any one take it; it might ha' been a dog for anything I know; and if I throws a bit of sacking or a few pieces of coke over the wall, I ain't supposed to know as anybody walks them off and turns 'em to account. Drive him away! No! I couldn't have the heart to do it, if I was to lose fifty jobs over it! I'm a roughish sort o' chap, sir, but it almost brings the water into my eyes to think o' that poor little feller, he's so broke down and ill, and so brave-hearted with it all. I've six on 'em myself, three boys and three girls, and there's only two-and-twenty shillings a week to keep the lot of us, so you may know there ain't much chance for saving; and when I see little Rust—for between you and me and the post, sir, I do see him sometimes—I think to myself what would come of my own youngsters if they were left as poor Rust has been? If you can do anything for him, sir, it'll be a real charity;

and if I can do anything to help you in it, there's my hand on it."

Heartily I grasped the brawny hand he proffered me, and then in a few brief words it was arranged that he should that night conduct me to the spot where Captain Rust "kennelled."

It was a rainy, raw November night, and the disused shipyard seemed to me an especially dismal place as I stood in it at the point close to the water's edge, at which I had clambered into it in company with my kind-hearted guide. In about five minutes we got up to the brick-built parts of the yard, the forges, stores, offices, and there things seemed more cheerful.

Coming to a stand for a moment, my guide whispered,

"We're close to him now; the shed's just behind that second forge there; should I speak to him first? he'll know my voice."

"Yes," I whispered; and then the pair of us advanced as directly as we could. As we came up to the shed, we heard its occupant creep to the door to listen; and so, hastening forward, my companion, putting his mouth to a chink, said, in an undertone—

"Don't you be afeared, Rust, it's only me—Charley Johnson, you know. I've brought Mr. —— with me; he wants to see you; open the door, that's my hearty."

There was a sound as of a piece of wood being struck out of a staple; and then the door swung open and we entered.

Having pulled the door to after him, Johnson turned on his lamp by the light of which we saw poor little Rust crouching in a corner beside the pile of old sacking which served him as bed. He looked a woefully different boy from what he had done when I had first met him. Wasted, haggard, emaciated, with face deadly pale, lack-lustre eyes, the old buoyancy of bearing gone, and his clothes not only dreadfully ragged, but hanging about him "a world too wide." It was a piteous spectacle, so piteous that I was for the moment unable to speak, and the boy himself was the first to break the painful silence.

Slowly rising to his feet, he dragged himself towards me, and in a weak, hollow voice, said:

"I 'spose you've come about the school; but I couldn't come in such togs as these; and, besides, I've been very bad, sir, I have indeed; there ain't no sham about it; is there, Charley?"

"No, I can see that but too plainly," I said; and then, with an assumed heartiness of tone, went on: "Never mind about the school now; we must get you better first, and then we can talk about other things. I've only come to take you away from here at present."

"Where to?" he asked quickly, and shrinking back as he spoke.

"Well, I hardly know yet," I said; "however, it will be some place where you'll be well done by, and where I don't think you'll want to leave, but where you'll be free to leave if you do want."

"There now, what could be kinder or fairer than that!" exclaimed Johnson, admiringly; "so come along little matey;" and without more ado he took Rust up in his arms as lightly and as tenderly as though he had been an infant, and led the way out of the yard. He carried him thus till he came to the front gate of the premises of which he was watchman, then standing him gently down on the pavement, said:

"May it be the turn of the tide for you, old chap, as summat seems to tell me it will; but if it shouldn't be, and you ever do want the shed again—which, of course, I 'ope you won't—there it is for you, and no questions ast and no notice took. And now, goodbye, little Rust—goodbye, and God bless yer." As he finished speaking he stooped and kissed the desolate boy upon the forehead, and then, with a brief good-night to us, he went off.

Calling a passing boy, I sent him to a neighbouring stand for a cab, and, while waiting for it, I resolved to convey Captain Rust, in the first instance at any rate, to a local home for destitute boys, with the manager of which I was acquainted.

It was nearly ten o'clock when I reached the Home, and the boys being gone to bed, I found the matron in her own room, darning stockings. It was a cosy little room, and with a clear fire burning, it looked and *felt* decidedly cheerful by contrast with the dark, wet street, and I could see Rust's eyes brighten the instant he came into the room.

A glance at my companion was sufficient to give the matron a general understanding of the position; and, before I could enter into any explanation, she had put the already singing kettle on the fire, and was bringing out a little jar of extract of beef wherewith to make beef-tea.

"Ah, poor little fellow, he looks sadly wasted," was her comment in an undertone, when I had briefly told her Captain Rust's story; "but it's more a case for meat than medicine."

The beef-tea was soon ready, and while the boy was sipping it the active matron prepared a warm bath for him in an adjoining room, and looked out a suit of the Home uniform. Somewhat refreshed by the beef-tea, the warmth, and his brief rest, the captain went readily enough to the bath when requested to do so, and came back looking decidedly improved. In the meantime the matron had got ready a cup of coffee, with an egg and some thin bread-and-butter. To this the captain sat down with something of his old alacrity of movement, but he had scarcely tasted the food when, covering his face with his hands, he burst out sobbing as though his heart would break.

"I can't help it! I can't stand it no longer! It chokes me a'most!" he gasped out between the great sobs that shook his poor little frame.

"What is it, Bill?" I said soothingly. "You can't stand what?"

"This," he sobbed out brokenly—"yer all bein' so kind to me. I know its babyish, but I can't help it."

The matron probably divined that I was going to tell him that he must not cry, for with a quick shake of the head at me, she advanced, and patting him on the head, said:

"There, dear, you are weak now, but you will be better soon. I'll keep your coffee hot for you; it will do you good presently."

Her voice and touch seemed to calm him, for his sobbing immediately became less violent. Seeing this the matron left his side and resumed the conversation with me, which had been interrupted by the captain's outbreak of grief. It was about him that we were talking: the matron sorrowfully explaining to me that she feared it would be impossible for the boy to be sheltered there for more than a day or two, as what beds they had were full, and the state of their funds did not admit of their adding another bed.

We had spoken in whispers, but the event proved that the captain's sharp ears had caught at least the general purport of our talk. Suddenly rising, he staggered to where the matron was seated, and falling on his knees at her feet, and burying his face in her lap, broke out:

"Oh lady! don't send me away. I'll sleep anywheres, and do anythink, on'y let me stay. I could be good where you wos, I know I could. Take pity on me, I'm quite broke down. I'm on'y a little chap, and I've no mother.

There was an earnestness in his brokenly-uttered appeal, an air of forlorn helplessness about his attitude and wasted figure, that would have touched even a hard-hearted person—and the matron was *not* hard-hearted.

Bowing her own head over his to conceal her rising tears, she murmured: "No, you shall not be sent away, poor motherless wanderer. I'll have room made for you somehow. With God's help, I'll be as a mother to you, so far as in me lies."

Timidly he kissed her hand, and, so well as his choking sobs would let him, fervently murmured some incoherent expression of thanks. Balm had been poured upon his wounded spirits; gradually the tempest of grief in his breast subsided; his sobs grew softer and softer, till at length they died away in sighs; and, finally, he fell into a light and gentle sleep.

And so, still resting his weary little head on the lap of her who had promised to be a mother to him, I left him—a brand snatched from the burning.—*Christian Miscellany.*

TURN TO THE HELPER.

TURN to the Helper, unto whom thou art
More near and dear than to thy mother's heart,
Who is more near to thee than is the blood
That warms thy bosom with its purple flood—
Who by a word can change the mental state,
And make a burden light, however great!
This love endures through all things, without end,
And every soul has one Almighty Friend,
Whose angels watch and tend it from its birth,
And heaven becomes the servant of the earth.
Whate'er befall, our spirits live and move
In one vast ocean of Eternal Love!

HOLINESS OUR HOPE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

Associate-Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

UNQUESTIONABLY the clear experience of holiness or perfect love subsequent to the regeneration is a doctrine of our Methodism. And just as unquestionably the holiness doctrine, by whatever name it is called is the power-doctrine: that is, holiness is power, and indispensable to spiritual power, whether you call it perfect love, the pure heart, entire sanctification, full salvation, complete consecration, or what you will. Holiness is power. The very conditions of knowledge, experience and grace on which it is obtained and retained make it a power. No man can possess genuine holiness and fail to be a power for good. A man may think he possesses it when he does not; but he cannot possess and retain it without making himself felt for God and truth, and the souls of men. Some who think they have it not may be nearer its possession than some that boast they have it. But however men may differ about it, and however they may misjudge one another or themselves as to having it, this thing is certain, they cannot have power with God unless they possess it. And the converse of this proposition is equally safe: they cannot possess and retain it without having power with God. And in the degree they approach and possess it they increase in power with God. Men may long approach it and not secure it, and after they have secured it they may make great advancements in knowledge and godliness. So there are likely as many grades of spiritual power as there are varieties of religious experience.

Methodism in this country is uniting. Men are adopting the polities, adjusting the boundaries, equalizing the finances, consolidating the institutions, reconstructing circuits, districts and conferences, re-forming classes and societies, and gathering all under one general conference and superintendency. But is all this the true and desirable union? Will all this secure to us the anticipated benefits of union? If placing the waggon on the roadside without the use of the horses will move the produce; if placing the locomotive engine on the siding without

the steam will sweep the train along; if connecting wire and lever will transmit the message without electricity: then these ecclesiastical arrangements will be union without holiness, without the power of God. But the waggon alone would rot and fall to pieces on the roadside; the locomotive on the siding would rust and sink into the earth without the steam; the telegraphic apparatus would be useless without the electricity: and so Methodist union will be futile, fruitless, ruinous, a disaster and the mother of disasters without the power of God. What shall save us from pride, if not humility? What shall save us from weakness, if not strength? What shall save us from division and destruction, if not unity and love? What shall save us from darkness, if not light? What from envy, indifference and hate, if not zeal tempered with knowledge and a noble Christian charity? And what are humility, strength, love, light and zeal in their highest attainable degree but holiness?

We may think we have voted union through, and it is going all well enough. We may think we have planned wisely and it must be a success. We may think the united Church has large resources and will move on by its own majority and weight. We may think there are able men and they will make things go. But what is all this but wicked pride of opinion and sinful abandonment of trust in Almighty God? What is all this but that spiritual and moral condition, that state of mind and heart upon which God always sends confusion, blasting and overthrow. And to us this very confusion and overthow are inevitable if we trust ourselves, our schemes, our resources and not the living God. The Methodist Churches of this country, kept separate and trusting God would be far better and would have far more power, notwithstanding their occasional collisions and oppositions, than united; with their resources aggregated and their abilities accumulated, forgetting God, and trusting themselves and human policy. And this is a thing of degrees, all the way from exclusive self-trust, selfishness and worldliness, to perfect self-renunciation, trust in God and holiness. And the Church is weaker than water or omnipotent according to its place in the scale.

This trusting ourselves and human policy is the danger apprehended by many pious souls. An argument urged vigor-

ously against Union was that our people will become proud and forget God. Nor does any man say there is no danger here: just as no man dares say, it must be so that the Church will be proud and forgetful of God; it is utterly unavoidable, an absolute necessity. In this state of probation both opportunities are before us: we can become proud and forgetful of God, or humble, constantly mindful of God and holy. It would be sad to think that a Church cannot come into the possession of large resources of men and means without forsaking God and losing religion. If that be so, how is the Church ever to succeed in conquering the world for Christ? If that be so we better plead with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States to stop growing or to divide up into several contending sects. But that is not so. A Church can have large resources and be humble and holy. If the consecration is commensurate with the resources all will be well. A man can be just as humble with a mighty intellect consecrated to Christ as can the man one grade above the simpleton. A man can be just as humble consecrating a thousand dollars to Christ as if he were consecrating but a cent. A Church can be just as humble sending out ten thousand missionaries as if it had no missionary society, and never collected means to send a man into the field. A Church can be just as mindful of God and humble with many religious schools, leaning on its people for support, as if it had not a school at all and gloried, as some do, in its ignorance. Poverty and ignorance are, to say the least of it, as likely to be proud and envious as abundance and intelligence. It is a simple question of the gradation of consecration, the commensurateness of holiness.

There is no holiness in a Church unless it is in the individual members. Holiness is a living attribute in the great God, and it is a living power in the hearts of the people. All the provisions of grace sent down to men through Jesus Christ do not make holiness unless received into the heart and operative therein. Therefore there is in this matter upon every member of the Church an immense responsibility. Does a member of any of the Churches want the Union to be a success? Let him be holy. Let him with all his might promote holiness. Does he desire Union to be a failure? Let him lose his religion and pray and work against holiness. It is something of a joy

that that kind of a prayer and effort availeth not much. Certainly every child of God in all these Methodist Churches desires the glory of God and the salvation of men. And certainly those that have been earnestly promoting Union would not now see it a failure. But a failure it is sure to be unless our preachers and people are humble and holy. And a success it will be in the proportion of the prevalence of genuine holiness among us.

What is required at this juncture is a clear experience of holiness and a decided witness of it. This was the experience and witness of the early Methodists. "At such a time God pardoned; and at such another time after, God sanctified." We want the definite experience, and we want to speak it right out. Our class and fellowship meetings are blurred by the lack of definiteness of experience. As preachers we need to teach our people as Wesley and Fletcher taught their people, and as many devoted men in the Methodist Episcopal Church are teaching their people. If the people are clearly instructed as to what they ought definitely to seek, it will become to them an object of desire and prayer. If they are shown how to obtain holiness by entire consecration and all-conquering faith, they will the more readily sink into the consecration and climb upward to the faith. In these things there are tremendous responsibilities, and there are glorious opportunities and achievements before us, or fearful neglects, failures and disasters. The Lord in all these things give us a good mind and right spirit.

A FEW YEARS LEFT.

THERE are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms rare and sweet
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah! let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The International Sunday-School Convention.

From his relation to the Sunday-school work of the Methodist Church of Canada, the Editor of this MAGAZINE felt it to be his duty to be present at the fourth triennial Sunday-School Convention held in Louisville, Kentucky, during the second week in June. It was a great privilege to enjoy its services and share its inspiration. The most earnest - hearted Sunday - school workers of the continent brought their contributions of hallowed zeal, and kindled such a fire of enthusiasm as should wrap the whole hemisphere in its flame. The Convention was much more largely attended than any previously held. Louisville is very near the geographical centre of population of the continent, and is very easily accessible by rail from every direction. The proverbial southern hospitality of its people provided a cordial welcome to heart and home for the many hundreds from all parts of the continent. The meetings were held in the large opera-house, which was never put to better use. It was beautifully draped with the blended Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, and adorned with appropriate mottoes and eloquent Sunday statistics, and by a star-studded map indicating the S.S. progress of the triennium. A large open Bible, formed of lilies of the valley and other fragrant flowers, adorned the stage, and row behind row among the "flies," slides, and painted pageantry of the theatre sat the array of appointed speakers, who thus saw more of life behind the scenes than they ever did before. Parquette and balconies were crowded with delegates and visitors, and overflow meetings were held in neighbouring churches.

It was an inspiring sight to see marshalled under the standards of their several States and provinces the representatives of the great army of Sunday-school workers of the continent. Here side by side were delegates from New Hampshire and Colorado, Maine and California, New Brunswick and Mexico, Ontario and Florida. Many of the most distinguished laymen and ministers of the continent were present —Judges, Colonels, Professors, Merchants, Doctors of Laws, of Medicine, of Divinity—Vincent, Jacobs, Porter, Reynolds and Haygood, Gillet, McLean, and a host of others, including English, French, German, and Italian. Canada received even more than her share of honours. Among the appointed speakers were the Rev. John McEwen, the Rev. Thomas Griffith, S. H. Blake, Esq., and the present writer, and D. McLean, Esq., was one of the most active and efficient members of the Executive Committee. Mr. Blake, who acted as chairman at the opening of the Convention and at several of its meetings, captured all hearts by the eloquence of his response to the address of welcome, and the wit and humour of his interjected remarks from the chair. He well said that this great Convention of Christian workers, representing on this continent alone a great army of nearly ten millions of scholars and teachers, was of greater moral importance than the recent great Convention in Chicago, assembled to select a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

One of the marked advantages of such international and interdenominational Conventions is the friendly feeling between nations and Churches that they cultivate. The most cordial co-operation in Christian work is exhibited, and it is only by enquiry that one can find out to what Church any speaker belongs. This cordial co-operation and fraternity is the first essential to any scheme for Christian unity and fellowship. The references to Canada, to England, and to our good Queen, were most kindly, and were applauded to the echo. The best part of the American nation is the loving sympathy with the dear old land which is the "mother of us all." The blatant

dynamiters represent only the vilest dregs of a heterogeneous foreign population.

The temperance sentiment of the Convention was most marked. Nothing woke such thunders of applause as the report from the great State of Georgia, that whiskey had been legislated out of three-fourths of its counties. Much prominence was given to temperance work in the Sabbath-school. Miss Frances Willard, Miss Sallie Chapman, and other temperance workers spoke on this subject, and a strong desire was expressed for more frequent and definite temperance lessons.

Dr. John H. Vincent was, of course, a prominent feature in the Convention. He delivered two set addresses with his characteristic eloquence and vivacity. One on the Bible, the teachers' text-book and weapon; the other on his favourite theme—the Chautauquan idea. This idea is spreading in ever-widening circles, and touching every class in society and almost every part of the continent. It is one of the most important educative agencies of the day. The Church is to be congratulated that Dr. Vincent was not diverted from his grand Sunday-school and Chautauqua work by being made a bishop at the late General Conference—a fate which he narrowly escaped. As Dr. Cunnyngham, of the M. E. Church South, remarked, the General Conference found that there would be so much waste in cutting him down to the size of an ordinary bishop that it wisely concluded not to make the sacrifice.

One of the most important transactions of the Convention was the appointment of the International Committee of fourteen to select the Lessons for the seven years following the expiration of the present series. Here, again, Canada was honoured by the appointment of Mr. S. H. Blake, the only layman, besides Mr. Jacobs, one of the originators of the scheme, on the committee. The Rev. Dr. Potts, who was a most efficient member of the old committee, was re-appointed. Among the other prominent members are Dr. J. H. Vincent, Chairman, Dr. J. Hall, Dr. Broadies, Dr. Burgher, Dr. Cunnyngham and Bishop Chiney. No greater honour could be done these men, and no greater responsibility imposed than to assign them the task of selecting the world's Sunday-school study of the Word of God for the period of seven years.

The music of the Convention was an inspiration—it was so hearty, so fervid, so spiritual in its character. The interest continued to cumulate till the end. The closing service was one of deep emotion, and re-enacted the scene witnessed in Toronto three years ago. The Executive of the International S. S. Association purpose to carry on aggressive Sunday-school work more vigorously than ever. The progress of the last three years has been very great, but it is anticipated that that of the near future shall out-distance anything hitherto attempted.

The hospitality of the people of Louisville leaves many pleasant memories. The railways have been very generous in furnishing facilities of travel. C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent of the Louisville and Nashville R. R.—the leading trunk line to New Orleans, Memphis, and the South and West—a man of princely character, an active Methodist and the son and grandson of a Methodist preacher—was chairman of the Local Executive, and made most liberal arrangements, not only for return rates of travel over the different railways converging at Louisville, but also for excursions at special rates to visit Mammoth Cave, 85 miles distant, of which many of the delegates took advantage.

The charming paper in this number, by Dr. Coleman, is the work of a scientist, an artist, and a poet. Whether he writes verses or not, we do not know; but only a keen poetic sense could employ the finely appropriate epithets and attributions of human sentiment to inanimate nature of that article. Those who have seen Professor Coleman's paintings of Norwegian scenery, in the Canadian Art Exhibitions, will recognize the same artistic touch in this word-painting.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The great event in Methodism since the Notes for our June issue were written was the General Conference which assembled in Philadelphia—the city of "Brotherly Love." Twenty years had passed since the General Conference met last in this city. Many changes were witnessed in the *personnel* of the Conference. A few were present in 1884 who were present at the Conference of 1880, among others, our own Dr. Nelles.

The General Conference observes one custom which we would be glad to see followed by our own General Conference, viz., devoting a whole session in honour of those who have departed since the preceding Conference. At this Conference the departed were men whose names could not easily be overlooked. They were Bishops Scott, Peck, and E. O. Haven; Revs. E. Q. Fuller, D.D., and G. W. Woodruff, D.D. The service was one of deep solemnity, and at the close, the Rev. Dr. Curry said "he was a better man for having attended it."

The General Conference is the largest that has ever been held, there being no less than 417 delegates, 369 of whom responded at the first roll-call. The Rev. Dr. Longacre gave an address of welcome. The Hon. Robert E. Pattison, Governor of the State, welcomed the Conference to Pennsylvania. Bishop Bowman and General Fisk responded on behalf of the Conference.

During the past quadrennium the Church has advanced in all departments. There were reported ninety-nine Conferences, and fourteen missions, some of which were formed at this General Conference into Conferences. Ministers, 11,349; local preachers, 12,026; members, 1,769,534, being an increase in four years of 69,232 members. During the same period 654 ministers and 88,891 members have died, which, added to the above, makes the real gain to the Church 158,787 members. The increased value of Church property, churches and parsonages, exceeds nine millions of dollars.

The advance made in educational matters exceeds all former eras. There are in the Church ten theological institutions, forty-five colleges and universities, sixty classical seminaries, eight female colleges and seminaries, and nineteen schools of high grade connected with Foreign Missions. In these there are 1,409 teachers, and last year 28,621 students.

The Fraternal Delegates were numerous. From other countries there were Rev. R. N. Young, and S. Whitehead, England; Rev. J. P. Cooke, France; and Rev. Dr. Nelles, and Dr. Aylsworth, Canada. Several Evangelical Churches in America, sent friendly messengers, none of which were more cordially received than those from the Methodist Episcopal Church South, one of whom was ex-Governor Colquill from Georgia.

Among the lay delegation were men of great distinction, including governors, judges, bankers and many in the legal profession. There were several coloured delegates in the Conference and some natives of India. The Bishops preside daily in rotation. The sessions continue from nine a.m. until noon, unless othewise ordered, leaving the afternoons and evenings for committees. Several sessions were held in the evenings to hear the fraternal delegates. Some public meetings were

also held, the most noted of which were the Church Extension and the Woman's Missionary Society; at the former no less than $51,000 was contributed.

A daily paper is issued containing reports of the proceedings of the General Conference. All the secular papers take great interest in the affairs of the Conference and publish extensive reports, but the special daily *Advocate* is the most reliable.

The elections were not the least interesting part of the proceedings of the Conference. The Bishops recommended that there should be three Bishops elected, but the Committee on Episcopacy recommended four, and the Conference endorsed their report. Accordingly the following were elected Bishops :—the Revs. W. X. Ninde, D.D., J. M. Walden, D.D., LL.D., W. F. Mallalieu, D.D., and C. H. Fowler, D.D., LL.D. The last-named gentleman is a native of Burford, Ontario, but has lived in the United States since he was four years of age. Dr. Mallalieu is the only one who may be said to be engaged in the pastorate, and he is a presiding elder, the others are College Professor, Book Agent, and Missionary Secretary, respectively. Missionary Bishop for Africa is the Rev. Wm. Taylor, D.D.

The Book Agents at New York, Messrs. Phillips & Hunt, were re-elected. The Rev. W. P. Stowe, D.D., was re-elected Agent of the Western Book Concern, and the Rev. C. Cranston, D.D., his associate, in place of Dr. Walden. The Rev. J. M. Reid, D.D., was re-elected Missionary Secretary, and the Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D., was elected to the same office in place of Dr. Fowler. The Revs. Dr. Kynett, Vincent, and Rust, were re-elected to their respective positions —Secretaries of Church Extension, Sunday-school Union, and Freedmen's Aid Society.

Dr. Curry succeeds the venerable Dr. Whedon as Editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, which position the latter held for twenty-eight years. The other editors were re-elected.

A weekly Sunday-school journal is to be published. Dr. Vincent is re-elected to his important post, and a German Assistant S. S. Secretary is also appointed.

Among the most important decisions of the Conferfence may be mentioned the recommendation for the Methodist Missions in Japan to be united in one Conference ; also, the condemnation of the Divorce Laws which prevail in so many States of the Union, and prohibiting ministers to marry divorced persons unless the divorce has been secured for the sole cause mentioned by Christ as making it lawful.

During the month of May the following General Conferences were held: 1. That of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which met in Baltimore. The Book Concern presented an encouraging report, having received $63,123, paid all expenses and a debt of $3,440. The receipts for missions were $34,800. Wilberforce University had an attendance of 693 students.

A grand church has been built in Baltimore called the Metropolitan, costing $70,000, which seats 3,000 persons. There are nine Bishops in this church, and a membership of 400,000. There are prosperous missions in Africa and Hayti. An interesting act of the Conference was the consummation of union with the British Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, which now becomes the tenth Episcopal District of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

2. The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church met in New York. The report stated that the Church was steadily advancing.

3. Methodist Protestant General Conference, met in Baltimore. There are forty-eight Annual Conferences, 1,409 travelling preachers, 977 local preachers, 125,611 members, and 83,222 scholars in the Sunday-schools. Negotiations are in progress to form a union between this denomination and the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination.

The Methodist Church of Canada.

The Annual Conferences of this

Church met this year for the last time. The first in order was Montreal, which assembled at Brockville in the eastern portion of Ontario, on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence. The region around Brockville was a battle ground of early Methodism. To the east of the town there is a graveyard in which are interred the remains of Barbara Heck and several of the Embury family, so well known in connection with the introduction of Methodism to America. A short distance also to the north-east is Elizabethtown, where "the Revival Conference" was held, presided over by Bishop George.

Methodism has a good position in Brockville, and by the union there will be two good churches. Rev. W. Galbraith, LL.B., was elected President, and the Rev. James Allen, M.A., B.Sc., Secretary. When formed the Methodist Conference consisted largely of young men, but eleven years has greatly altered the appearance of the *personne*. Business progressed rapidly. There was no arrest of character. A good spirit pervaded the discussions. We did not hear a bitter word all the time of our stay. Our brother, the Rev. G. H. Davis, retired from "the active work," owing to physical infirmity, and when he presented his request the Conference was so much affected that many wept. A few others, much younger, asked permission to retire for one year. Two return to the "active work." Four, comparatively young men, had died. The brethren honoured the memory of their departed comrades, whose names were now called for the last time. The reception and ordination were memorable seasons. The address of Dr. Potts at the former and the sermon of Dr. Douglas at the latter were worthy of those honoured brethren. A few candidates were received on trial, five or six, we believe. The Temperance, and Missionary and Educational meetings were numerously attended, and the addresses were of a superior kind. The brethren of this Conference are a self-denying body of men. With a few exceptions, their incomes are very small—some below $400—and yet a few years ago they saved Stanstead College to the Church, and at this Conference they subscribed some hundreds of dollars to pay the mortgage of a church. A son of the Rev. H. F. Bland was among those who were ordained, and a younger son was received on trial. They belong to the fourth generation of Methodists and the third generation of ministers.

The Montreal Conference remains nearly the same in size under the union as at present, there being only one district severed from it to form the Bay of Quinte Conference. The Rev. D. V. Lucas, M.A., was allowed to become Secretary of the Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance.

By reason of the union the Montreal Conference will contain about 200 ministers, but there will be no surplus of men. In the old Conference there is an increase of 1,252 members.

London Conference met in the town of Guelph. Rev. W. C. Henderson, M.A., was elected President, and the Rev. D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., was re-elected Secretary. Four esteemed ministers, including Revs. J. Wakefield and Dr. Fowler, asked for a superannuated relation.

There is an net increase in the membership of this Conference, amounting to 3,389. Surely this is cause for gratitude to God, who has crowned the labours of His servants with such great success.

The union breaks some tender ties in this Conference, as it is divided into three, all of which will be of great size.

The Sabbath services, including sermons by the Revs. Drs. Douglas and Nelles, were more than usually inspiring. Fifteen young men were ordained to the work of the ministry.

The close of the Conference was very affecting. Some time was spent in devotional exercises. A few of the senior ministers led in prayer, and many wept at the recollection that they would never meet again as a Conference. There is, however, great consolation in the thought that the division of a

favourite Conference strengthens the bonds of Methodism. Dr. Douglas stated in this Conference that he was privileged for a few days to attend the Montreal Conference under the new *regime*, and for the life of him he could not perceive any difference between the new and the old.

The other Conferences at the time of this writing have not been held.

Wesleyan Methodism.

The great event in the parent body lately has been the May Meetings, foremost among which was the Missionary Anniversary, for which 250 sermons were preached on the Sabbath and four on other days. A special feature in the anniversary was the afternoon services of the Sabbath for the young, which were attended by 50,000 young persons, most of whom were Sunday-school children and their friends.

The Exeter Hall meeting was attended by 3 000 persons, and continued from 11 a.m. until 4.30 p.m. The income had met the outlay, with a small balance on hand. The Rev. Owen Watkins, from the Transvaal, Africa, was the most enthusiastic speaker. For more than an hour he revetted the attention of the audience as he gave graphic details of the work of God in that country. He appealed for $50,000 and 100 men for evangelistic work and the building of a Theological Institution in the Transvaal. A considerable sum was paid at the meeting in subscriptions, varying from $2,500 to $125.

The Missionary Love-feast was held in City Road Chapel on the evening of the day of the anniversary, and was conducted by the venerable James Calvert, of Fijian fame. It was a real Methodist love-feast, at which none but missionaries spoke.

The Home Missionary Meeting was enthusiastic and encouraging. The income was $175,000, $50,000 of which was expended in 300 circuits to assist in supporting their ministers. "Outcast London" is henceforth to be specially cared for. $100,000 has been mentioned as the sum to be obtained for mission work in London.

The Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund Committee also held its anniversary in "the Cathedral of Methodism," City Road Chapel. In 23 years 64 new churches had been erected, which hold 1,000 persons each. Two had been completed last year, and sites for nine others had been secured. $150,000 has been promised to give the fund a new start, and it is proposed to build 50 smaller churches in 20 years. There are now in London 80 Methodist churches, which will seat 1000 persons each; but, remember, London contains 4,000,000 people, and the population increases 80,000 annually. The numerical returns are not completed, but, as far as can be ascertained, the net increase of the membership exceeds 4,000, with 34,000 on trial, and 40,000 members of juvenile classes; 75 candidates are recommended for the ministry.

The Bible Christians have held this year their annual missionary meeting among the May anniversaries. They met in the small Exeter Hall. Income $52,830, expenditure $500 in excess. All the missions are English, except a few in Victoria, Australia.

Methodist New Connexion.

The only Foreign Mission of the New Connexion Church is China, to which frequent reference has been made in our notes.

The Conference is in session in Nottingham while these notes are being prepared. A monster tea-meeting, a conversazione in the Castle Museum and grounds, and a Band of Hope meeting are among the attractions for the Conference week. The increase of members is likely to be considerable. For ten years there has been a steady connexional increase, and several very successful "revival missions" have been held in various circuits.

Primitive Methodist.

The Conference is in session at Tunstall, Staffordshire, where the Connexion originated. The net increase of members in England and the Australian Colonies exceeds

3,000. The report of the Metropolitan Chapel and School Building Fund contains many items of interest. Since 1865 aid has been given to 61 houses of worship. They have church accommodation for 30,000 hearers. The Missionary Committee intends to devote increased attention to mission work in the Metropolis and densely-populated localities in the provinces.

ITEMS.

Away in Southern Africa there is a district in the South-west of the Transvaal, and bordering on the Orange Free State, which is known as the Moloppo District. The natives have received the gospel, and through all strife they have been loyal to the British Government. Again and again they have been exposed to the raids of freebooters, tolerated, if not encouraged, by the neighbouring States. Scores of the members, class-leaders and local preachers have been slaughtered. No protection is forthcoming, and even the means of self-defence are systematically kept from them. Amidst it all, they hold fast their devotion to Christ. Hitherto no English missionary has resided among them. They now ask for one, and the Missionary Committee say one must be given!

The Rev. G. M. Cobban, missionary in India, sends an interesting letter to the Committee respecting a tour he recently made among the villages in the Madras District. The missionary pitched his tent in such a situation that he could visit one village in the morning and another in the evening, and also hold a noon-day service when the people had a short recess from their labours in the fields. The people for the most part were extremely poor, but many of them manifested great eagerness to learn the way of salvation and to have teachers sent amongst them. The wife of the missionary accompanied her husband and the native evangelist, and had many opportunities of conversing with the women, several of whom had never seen an English woman before. A non-caste woman, at the earnest request of Mrs Cobban, ventured inside the mission tent, and when she saw the children sleeping her heart was touched, and she said, "I am a poor woman, but if you let me I can send some milk and rice flour for the children." The missionary says, "None can doubt but that in such a heart as hers the gospel can find a congenial home; while all must rejoice that after ages of ignorance and error Indian women, aye, even non-caste women, have touches of nature which show their kinship to the women of Christian lands." The immediate results of the missionary's visit was that forty-six persons placed themselves under instruction for Christian baptism among the non-castes. The chief man is decided to become a Christian. The missionary appeals earnestly for an additional labourer to go among the villages as an evangelist.

From China there comes interesting intelligence. There is an eagerness among adults to hear the word preached. The time is not far distant when more must be done to collect the youth of China into schools where they can receive Christian education.

The labours of the medical missionaries have been of great service, though their lives are somewhat in danger, as the following will show: Dr. Wenyon, of Fatshan, went from home for two weeks among the country stations, during which he both preached and dispensed medicines. At Shui Han he was twice fired at from a Chinese junk; the first ball flew past his head. He threw himself flat on the ground, which caused the would-be assassin to suppose that the doctor was dead, for a second bullet whizzed over him, and no more were fired. The cry of "Foreign devil" is often heard among some of the people, which is the epithet by which all persons outside of the empire are designated. In several of the towns placards have recently been posted warning the people against the missionary and the foreigner, and charging them with the most abominable crimes. Still the missionary insists

that the truth is spreading and that by means of dispensing medicines they have many opportunities of recommending the "great Physician."

In Japan, in the southern part of the island of Knisin, the membership has increased more than thirty per cent. and the congregations in like manner. The number desiring baptism is larger than it has been for years, and the Sunday-school attendance has more than doubled. The class-meetings are also well attended.

Ninety years ago the first English missionary offered himself, and now the whole number of evangelical foreign missionaries is 5,000, and they are the leaders of a native host of 30,000 helpers of all kinds.

The Moravian missionaries who have been labouring for years on the borders of Thibet, waiting for an opportunity to enter, have at last found one, and it is hoped that a mission will soon be established in that country. The Scriptures in the Thibetan language are being printed and will soon be completed.

A revival began in the Sandwich Islands several months ago and is still growing. It is believed that it is equal to the great revival of 1837-39. Mr. Hallenbeck, in company with four native helpers, has been making a tour of the islands, and has awakened an interest among foreigners as well as natives, particularly the half white and half Chinese element, than which nothing is more difficult to reach.

A mission to the Mohammedans in Bagdad is contemplated by the Church of England Missionary Society. The society has also presented a memorial to the English Government in regard to the suppression of the slave trade in Egypt and in the Egyptian dependencies in Central Africa and on the shores of the Red Sea. The Government, in reply, assures the society that the matter will receive earnest attention.

In the city of Damascus, which contains a population of 200,000, a missionary reports that in many of the Mohammedan houses groups of men gather to read and study the Bible, and while engaged in discussion the inmates of the harem had gathered about the windows and listened and seemed much interested.

The Baptists have built a steam-launch of 100 tons measurement for mission work in Alaska, British Columbia and Washington territory.

The London Missionary Society finds the climate of Central Africa so baleful, and the expense so great that they have talked of abandoning the station at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. Since the beginning of the mission, five years ago, four men have died, three have left on account of ill health, and the society has expended a sum of $110,000. The society will not at present abandon the mission, but will endeavour to obtain more healthy places of residence for the missionaries.

The first Hindoo convert of modern Protestant missions was brought to Christ by means of a physician. When Dr. Carey went to India, Dr. Thomas, a surgeon, accompanied him. They laboured six years without seeing any results, but one day a carpenter, while working about the mission fell and injured his arm. Dr. Thomas was called, and while binding up the wound he told the story of Christ to those gathered about him. The carpenter was so touched that he went to the missionaries to hear and soon became an earnest Christian. Although greatly persecuted, he came out boldly and was baptized by Dr. Carey in the Ganges in the presence of crowds of Hindoos and Mohammedans who came to the banks to watch the scene. He lived twenty years after to work for Christ, and wrote some tracts and several hymns.

The number of Church members in Madagascar has increased in ten years from 37,113 to 71,585.

The Gospel of Luke has been translated into the Gahgan language, by Rev. Theodore Bridges, who laboured in Patagonia for twenty-five years.

Nine medical missionaries for the African service were lately graduated at Edinburgh.

BOOK NOTICES.

Swiss Letters and Alpine Poems. By the late FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Pp. 356. New York: A. D. Y. Randolph & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75c.

Few writers of her time, probably no writers of her sex, have had so wide a range of readers as the late Miss Havergal. Not less than a million copies of her various books have been sold, and multitudes who have never seen her books are familiar with her beautiful hymns which have sung their way around the world. The present volume gives a charming glimpse of her character in her hours of recreation and rest. They are the record of several holiday trips to Switzerland. They reveal her keen appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in nature, her manifold accomplishments, linguistic and musical, and her untiring zeal in Christian work among the peasant populations of foreign lands. A strong will sustained a feeble frame. When she sets out on some of these trips she was unable to walk more than a mile or two. Before she returned she could do her twenty miles a day of mountain travel, climbing peaks over 11,000 feet high, setting out in the morning at four, three, or even half-past one o'clock, to watch God's revelations of the sunrise among the mountains. An unsuspected vein of humour is revealed, and this sweet singer is actually not incapable of a pun, as where she speaks of a certain Alpine Valley where four gorges met, which was perfectly gorge-ous in fact. The many friends of Miss Havergal will be glad to have this latest memorial of her life.

The Heathen World: Its Need of the Gospel, and the Church's Obligation to supply it. By the REV. GEO. PATTERSON, D.D. Author of "Missionary Life Among the Cannibals," etc. Pp. 293. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price 70 cents.

This is the essay which, in a competition with thirty-five others, won the prize of a hundred guineas, offered by a friend of missions. This fact alone will be a guarantee of its distinguished merit. The theme is one of the most august which can engage the human mind. The treatment of it is very philosophical and comprehensive. The author, who has made the subject of missions a special study for many years, first gives a clear outline of the lands of heathenism with their false systems: India and Hindooism; lands of the Buddha and their religion; Shamanism and Devil-worship; and China, Japan, Africa and Polynesia, with their peoples and religions. The heathen's need of the Gospel as the only remedy for their false systems, and the obligation of the Church to send the Gospel, are strongly urged.

The book cannot fail to quicken missionary zeal, and will prove an armoury of weapons and an arsenal of ammunition for carrying on a vigorous missionary campaign. We trust, in view of the deep and widespread interest now manifested throughout Protestant Christendom in the evangelization of the world, that this book shall have an extensive sale among the friends of missions in all the Churches. All the profits of the sale shall be devoted to the object of promoting the interest of missions in such way as the judgment of the Adjudicators, representing the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational and Methodist Churches, shall decide.

Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the REV. CANON SPENCE, and the REV. JOSEPH S. EXELL. The "Book of Numbers." Second edition. 8vo., pp. xx., 461. New York:

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.25.

We have previously referred to the distinguished merit of this Pulpit Commentary. The more we see of it the better we like it. The present volume well maintains the high character of the rest of the series. The comprehensive introduction on the authenticity and authorship of the book is by the Rev. Thomas Whitelaw. He discusses with much learning and candour the seeming chronological inaccuracies, the thirty-seven years' chasm in the narrative and the so-called statistical errors which so staggered Bishop Colenso. But a careful examination of these alleged difficulties will show that they are more hypothetical than real. The treatment of this subject, and that of the authorship of the book, is masterly. By arrangement with the English publishers, the book is printed from duplicate stereotype plates at about one half the price of the English edition.

Biographies of Musicians; Life of Mozart. By LOUIS NOHL. Translated from the German by JOHN J. LALOR. Chicago: Jansen, McClung & Co. Price $1.25.

Life of Beethoven. Same author, same publisher, and same price.

Messrs. Jansen & McClung have conferred a great benefit on music-lovers—a rapidly increasing class—by the issue of their handsome series of musical biographies. Two of the most interesting of these are those above named. When our souls are stirred by strains of classic music, we wish to know something of their composers. Mozart was one of the most precocious of musical geniuses. At three he began to strike chords on the harpsichord and to learn passages of music. At five he composed melodies, and at eight he played the most difficult music on a concert tour through Germany. Yet his life was one long struggle with poverty, disappointment and sorrow. He died at thirty-seven, leaving 800 works of remarkable excellence—some of them classic forever. His portrait, as given in this Life, exhibits a head of ideal beauty, the index of the exquisite character of his music.

Beethoven's portrait is entirely different—massive, shaggy, austere-looking, with deep soulful eyes, which seem to interpret the depth of passion and emotion of his sonatas and orchestral compositions. Strange to say, in the last thirty years of his life, during which his mightiest works were composed, he was almost entirely deaf. He was thus thrown inward upon himself, and his soul wreaked itself in musical expression. His infirmity, perhaps, explains the pensive character of much of his work. He, too, knew much of sickness and sorrow, and his life, like that of many musicians, artists, poets, illustrates Longfellow's lines—

Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

Library of Biblical and Theological Literature. Edited by GEORGE CROOKS, D.D., and JOHN F. HURST, D.D. Vol. III. *Theological Encyclopædia and Methodology.* 8vo., pp. 596. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $3.50.

The valuable library of Biblical and Theological Literature now in course of publication by the Methodist Book Concern, New York, has received an important edition in this volume. Its aim is to give an outline of the nature and history of the four great divisions of theological study—exegetical, historical, systematic and practical theology—together with a bibliography of the copious literature of the subject, both continental and Anglo-Saxon. It is based on the great works of Dr. Karl Hagenbach, for many years Professor of Historical Theology in the University of Basel. Theology is the noblest of the sciences. It has intimate relations to all the other sciences, physical and metaphysical. It intermeddles with all knowledge. In so vast a field the unguided student is like a child lost on a pathless

prairie. This book points out the pathway of inquiry, and directs the student to the works of those who have thoroughly explored the way. It does more. It furnishes "a plan or draft of the science of theology, so that by the help here afforded he can see its exterior lines, the boundaries of its sub-divisions, and can take the whole into the compass of a complete survey." American Methodism is to be congratulated on the production of so complete and scholarly a work. It is admirably arranged, by copious indexes, marginal synopses, and foot-notes, for the purpose of study.

"*A Southern California Paradise.*" 8vo., pp. 142. R. W. C. FARNSWORTH, San Gabriel, Cal. Price, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

This book consists of thirty-one articles, written by twenty different persons, treating of a great variety of subjects, such as history, description, water supply, homes, churches, educational privileges, health, fruits and climate, and answering many and varied practical questions. It is illustrated with pictures of homes, public buildings, natural scenery and historic objects. The Editor is a Methodist Minister, who is also Editor of the Southern California *Methodist Quarterly*. It is gratifying to see Methodism so moulding the future of the Golden State. It is curious to observe the names Canada and Ontario given to places in California. For the invalid this favoured region offers many attractions.

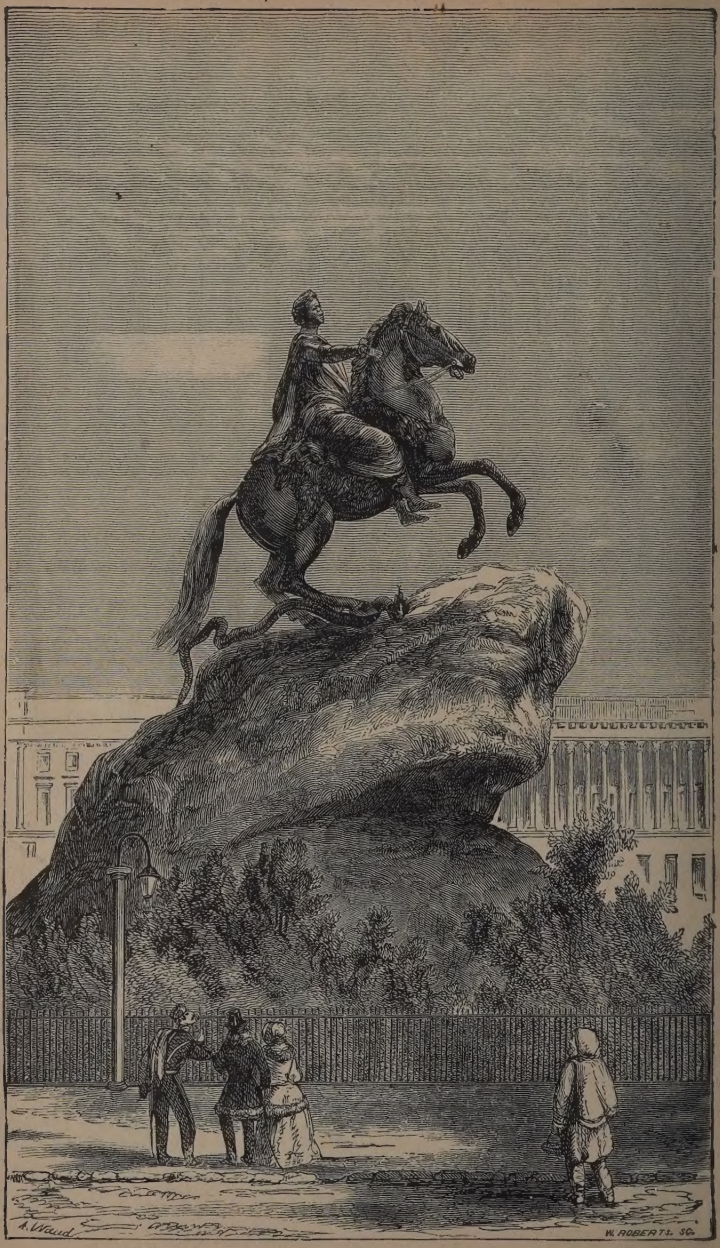
Trafalgar: A Tale. By B. PEREZ GALDOS. Translated from the Spanish by CLARA BELL. Pp. 255. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Price, cloth, 90 cts.

This is the story of the song "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay," told by an old Spanish sailor, who in his youth took part in the great epoch-making sea-fight where Horatio Nelson shattered the combined forces of France and Spain. It is instinct with Spanish patriotism and Spanish pride, dashed with a strong spice of Quixotish Spanish humour. Nevertheless it pays a generous tribute to the genius of "the great Nelson," "the greatest sailor of the age." It gives a graphic picture of life on a Spanish man-of-war—in the forecastle, in the cabin, in the cockpit, and on the gory deck amid the horrors of the fight. It is a curious study of a mode of warfare forever passed away as completely as that of the dinosaurs and sea krakens of the paleozoic age. Mr. Gottsberger is laying English readers under great obligation by his translations of the cream of the foreign literature of the day.

LITERARY NOTES.

How Sorrow was changed into Sympathy (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.; gilt, $1.25) is the touching story of the life and death of a little child, by Mrs. Prentiss, author of "Stepping Heavenward." It is especially adapted to bring comfort and consolation to the hearts of mothers bereft of little children.

Truths and Untruths in Evolution is the Vedder Lecture for 1883, delivered before Rutger's College, by Dr. John B. Drury. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph. Price $1.00). It admits that evolution, regarded as descriptive of a process in nature, may be regarded as a legitimate *hypothesis*, but nothing more. It points out the many difficulties in the way of its reception as an explanation of life and function, and shows that the evidence is strongly in favour of a limit to the variability of species, and against the Darwinian theory. The geological and other difficulties are discussed frankly and fairly. The lack of transitional forms—missing links—and the inability of the theory to explain nascent organs, as the eye, are pointed out. It is one of the best arraignments of the theory that we have seen.



Statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg.